JOHN BULL, week ending APRIL 11, 1942

JOHN BULL

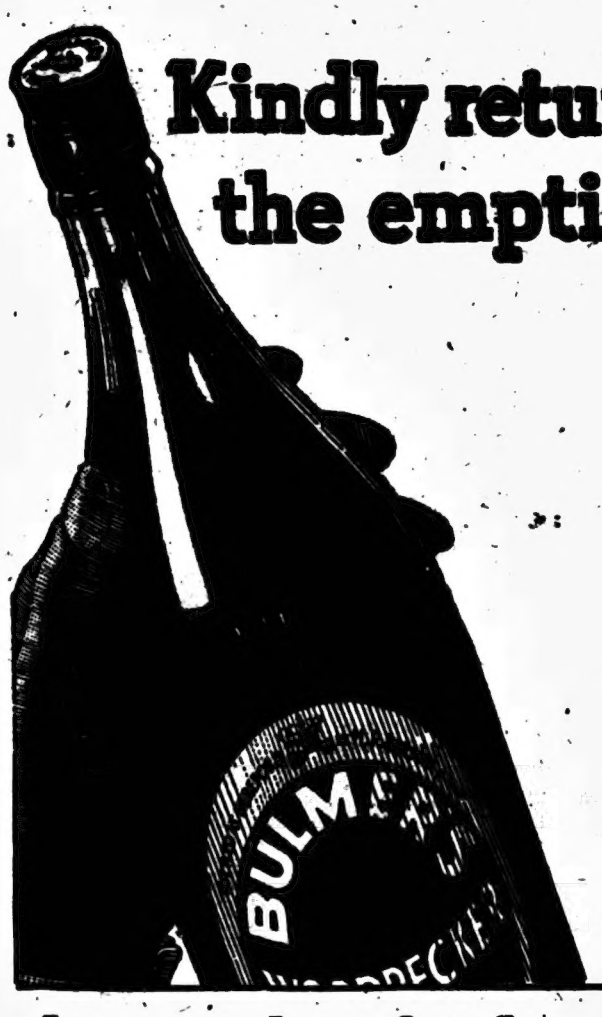
VOL. LXXI. 1869

3D EVERY THURSDAY

OUR WEAKEST WEAPON By The EDITOR

VON RIB'S SINISTER TRICKS

THERE IS A SECOND FRONT by A.G.G.



Kindly return the empties

there's a bottle shortage

When you have enjoyed a flagon of Bulmer's Cider, please see that the empty bottle goes back promptly to your retailer. Then he can make up his case of empties and return it to us. There is a serious shortage of bottles, stoppers and cases as well as of cider, so we need to keep each case in full employment.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

How to make the MOST of your milk

Here's the way to make cocoa with a minimum amount of milk. For each cup you mix a teaspoonful of cocoa and a little boiling water with 1½ teaspoonfuls of sugar into a thick paste. Then fill up with boiling water and finally add two or three teaspoonfuls of cold milk.
Used in this way Bournville Cocoa helps to eke out your limited milk supplies.

BOURNVILLE COCOA

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

5D PER QTR. LB.

BUT WHY-DADDY?

The Brains Trust blanched—or so we are told—when it was announced that the next question came from a five-year-old youngster. Which isn't surprising, because children's questions have a way of being devastatingly direct, with no loopholes for evasion. But, after all, it is by asking questions that man has developed his critical faculty . . . enabling him to discriminate; to select the best. That is why thousands of people chose Mullard Sets and Valves, and have never regretted their choice. Why too, when victory is won and supplies are once more available, their choice will again be . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2

Worth a Guinea a Box

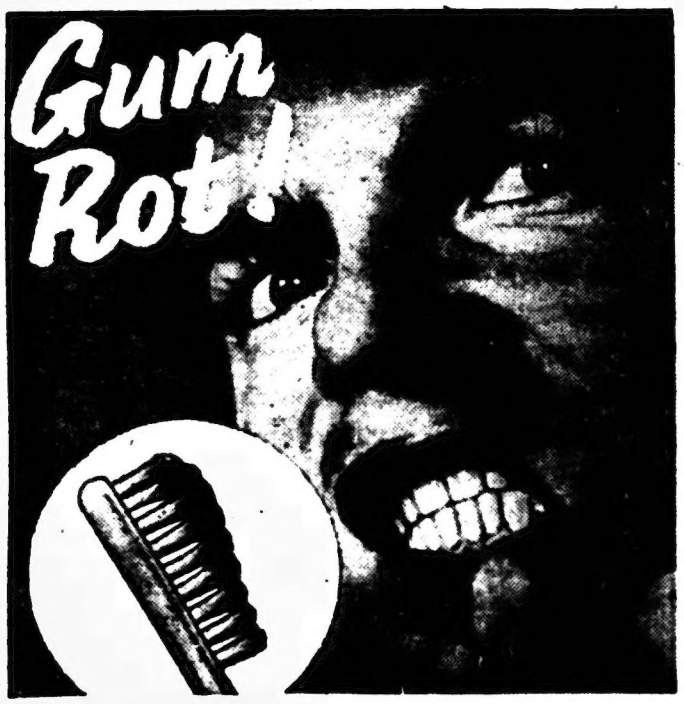
To-day there are millions of healthy people who have found in Beecham's Pills the secret of good health. Why don't you adopt this Golden Rule of Health and keep free from every-day ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Obtainable everywhere.

PRICES IN GT. BRITAIN
(including Purchase Tax)
1'4 and 3'3 per box
also in pennyworths

RINSE YOUR LINENS to loveliness—it's the sure way, the only way. To renew the sparkling whiteness of all white things the last rinse of all must be in **Reckitt's BLUE**

Gum Rot!



Blood on your brush?

—that's dangerous!

It's the sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Take no chances—use Gibbs S.R. regularly. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. It keeps gums firm and teeth sparkling.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

GR 113A-9-68

R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON ROAD, LEICESTER

'Smart's the word!

use CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Brighter. Quicker. Easier.

CB/VT

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa and make it your regular meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 11, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

GOING SLOW

● **Tear up our laws and anarchy would result. Obey all our laws and Hitler may triumph!**

So the authorities should not pay undue regard to the letter of the law when the nation's existence is at stake.

When the drive to increase 'plane output began, a firm of contractors rented a church hall at West Wickham, Kent. For five months work went on.

Then Beckenham Council invoked the law.

Use a church hall as a workshop? Disgraceful!

The provisions of the Town Planning Act were carefully studied. And the aircraft firm was given notice to quit.

On big aerodrome sites, it may happen that the builders need to move a traction engine from one field to another across a county boundary.

Before doing so they must obtain authority from several authorities. Work is held up in consequence.

JOHN BULL agrees that the law must be upheld. But JOHN BULL also considers it fantastic that the nation's needs should be adapted to the law instead of the law adapted to the needs!

Straight from the Shoulder

DECKS CLEARED

THE tempo of the war is quickening.

You can sense it everywhere. In the mood of the people. In the tightening of Home Front regulations. In our dispositions overseas. Above all, in the Army.

To use a nautical metaphor, the decks have at last been cleared for action.

Lessons in Battle

The Army is being revolutionised. It will no longer observe the niceties of ceremonial drill. Even the drill of bayonet fixing has been dropped for the duration.

The ritual of spit-and-polish, against which JOHN BULL has so often inveighed, is being reduced to reasonable limits.

In its place is being set up the Battle School.

Fighting Fit

Every division will soon have its Battle School. Officers who will be the instructors are now being trained themselves in a rough school.

Their hours are long, their lessons arduous. They must be able to travel 35 miles a day over heavy country and still be fresh to fight.

The whole of our infantry will be made as tough as Commandos.

Biggest and Best

For an example of that toughness, think of the St. Nazaire raid.

The biggest and best so far attempted, it showed all three Fighting Forces operating as a single determined unit.

That, too, was a sign of the quickening tempo of the world struggle.

Draining the Nazis

Such high adventures of audacity and courage should become more frequent. They should become bigger and even better.

Not months, but only nights, should intervene between an attack on Norway and a heavy raid on France.

Isolated raids will not make Hitler withdraw divisions from the Russian front. Frequent raids will do so.

Keep to the Attack

The World Front must be envisaged as a whole. Not merely one or two of its vast sectors should be in action, but all of them—even if on some the United Nations can spare only small forces.

Not passive resistance, but attack and counter-attack will break the Axis.

Hitler's Debit

That has been proved by the Soviet armies. They have never ceased to counter-attack.

We know the result. They have blunted the edge of the German sword, the mightiest weapon ever forged.

Major Cazalet reckons the German losses during the last seven months at a million dead, half a million seriously wounded.

Stalin is Confident

Put it another way; since Hitler launched his attack on the Soviet Union he has lost a tank every fifteen minutes, a plane every seventeen minutes, a soldier killed, wounded or captured every two seconds.

But the German Army is still immensely powerful. It will be broken only if Russia is supported by the full weight of all the United Nations.

China Marches

So let us see what others of the United Nations are doing.

China's millions are on the march. Batches of half a million will be trained—and trained on Commando lines. Numbers will be limited only by the equipment that can be shipped to them.

They can march 30 miles a day on two bowlfuls of rice, for 6s. a month. They can fight as well as any army.

Summer Offensive

Too often in the past, foreigners have reported a "great Chinese offensive." The main offensive has not yet been launched. But it is expected in early summer.

Meanwhile, Chiang Kai-shek still needs arms from Britain and the U.S.

India's Chance

Will India's myriads be added to the struggle against Axis aggression?

They have been given the chance. JOHN BULL sticks to its view that the conditions offered to them are fair and statesmanlike.

The Indian leaders should realise that time is running short before the Japanese can be expected to hammer at their gates.

Pacific Guerillas

It is only fair that we in Britain should recognise that the United Nations are still fighting bravely in the South-West Pacific.

Four hundred thousand of the enemy troops cannot be released from that battle-zone for service in Burma or New Guinea. They are too busy fighting guerillas.

No Armistice

They have not even captured Surabaya, though certainly the Allies are no longer able to use that great Dutch naval base.

In Sumatra and the Dutch Indies, fighting continues. The Philippines hold out. Celebes and Borneo have yet to be completely conquered.

United Attack

Over New Guinea and New Britain, indeed, Australian and American airmen maintain a local superiority. In the last month, Australian and American forces have destroyed one-tenth of the Japanese cruiser strength—a powerful proportion.

But it is hardly correct to speak of Australian or American forces. For General MacArthur is merging them into a single unit that will never know the meaning of that fatal phrase, "divided control."

MacArthur's Problem

To save Australia from invasion, he has to defend an area twenty-five times as big as Britain, a coastline of 12,210 miles, with less than a million men.

There are two reasons for confidence: The ability of MacArthur himself, Brett and Blamey. The troops they command are born Commandos.

Australia should hold.

Uncle Sam's Help

In short, the United Nations are not likely to be caught napping by a sudden Axis thrust. They are, indeed, preparing to take the initiative themselves.

Hence, no doubt, the presence of U.S. troops in Britain.

Uncle Sam's strength is *beginning* to show itself.

Encouragement

Way across the Atlantic, present output suggests that his schedule of 60,000 'planes, 45,000 tanks and 20,000 guns for this year will be exceeded.

It is no secret that the expectations of the U.S. Fighting Forces have been surpassed.

It is equally clear that every 'plane, tank and ship Britain can produce are urgently needed *despite* American achievements.

For Russia requires huge supplies of equipment, and the Battles of the Atlantic and the Arctic make heavy demands on our shipping.

Hard Work

JOHN BULL believes our production will be no less staggering now that Britain's leaders have gauged the public's mood and have therefore become attack-minded.

With an offensive in sight, production should rise to greater heights. It *must*.

Hard Facts

Yet hard work is not enough. We in Britain must not only make more weapons, but spend less on private comforts.

We may find an inducement in the state of an Ally whose magnificent courage has never been surpassed—Greece.

Inducement to Victory

Indeed, all the nations subjugated by Germany are starving. And the thought of our nationals and our allies under the Japanese lash in Pacific lands should toughen our will to victory.

Even in the Axis countries themselves people are beginning to think, and thereby give us an opening for useful propaganda—as we point out on page 5.

Now Attack!

Attack we must—by every method that presents itself.

Munitions from Britain and the U.S. will pour into the East on both hemispheres. Russia and China need vast supplies. American and British forces need increasing equipment to match their steadily growing forces.

Ships, both naval and mercantile; aircraft; all forms of armament must pour from our factories.

We must attack and keep on attacking—in the knowledge that supplies will flow to the Allied forces until the aggressors are annihilated.

(Continued overleaf.)

TOO MUCH COUPON ECONOMY!

● **A Commando was discharged on medical grounds the other day. He was given £4, informed that he would receive a further payment in a fortnight, and set out to look for a job.**

But his clothes were shabby, his shoes showed his toes, and he decided to spend his money on a good suit and shoes.

Then his troubles began. "Civvy Street" handed him only twenty coupons—and you need twenty-six for a suit.

He protested in vain. Those twenty, he was sternly warned, must last him until May.

Presumably, therefore, he must go about in a shoddy suit with gaping holes.

It is hard to understand why some civil authorities seem strangely reluctant to stretch a point in favour of the discharged Serviceman.

Whitehall should urge them to greater consideration of the people to whom the country owes so much.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHAT is to happen to the Fire Guard?

We ask because of the announcement that all men of military age are now liable to conscription for the Home Guard.

Plainly, it will not be feasible for men working long hours to attend Home Guard drills and also carry out fire duties.

Make It Clear

The authorities' intentions should be explained as quickly as possible.

Already the Fire Guard is well below strength in some districts, even in London boroughs.

Farcical

Registration of Fire Guards in those areas was but a waste of time. The "compulsory order" was a farce.

Local authorities are still able to flout the intentions of the Ministry of Home Security. And they do.

No Compulsion

In theory, conscripts who ignore Fire Guard duties are liable to prosecution. Except in the City of London and a few other target zones, slackers are allowed to escape.

Local councillors, fearful perhaps of their seats at the next election, do not apply for the "danger area" order that would permit them to launch prosecutions.

Public Backing

Whitehall would be wise to remind them sharply of their duty.

The great majority of the public would approve. The public has already shown that it is eager for any reasonable measure that would make our war organisation more efficient.

Knick-Knacks

Indeed, the public is amazed that its peace-time needs are still so carefully studied by officialdom.

We can all do without such geegaws and knick-knacks as glass beads, bookmarkers, fancy ashtrays and the like.

Yet the Government goes out of its way to permit their manufacture to be continued.

Threefold Waste

What a waste of labour! What waste of materials! What waste of money!

And what a proof that Britain is not yet on a full war time basis!

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton has been the overlord of production for only a short while. When he has had time to clear up the big problems, we hope he'll turn to the smaller ones that present such irritating absurdities.

Going Up

Mr. Bevin gives cheering news of production: "We have reached parity with our enemies in many forms of war production, if not in all."

Parity is not good enough. We must have superiority. If all our resources are applied to the task, we shall overwhelm the best that Hitler can do. But only "if."

Fifty per Cent.

Mr. Bevin has mobilised into the Forces, Civil Defence or munitions twenty millions of our forty million people.

That 50 per cent. is probably the highest proportion that can be attained. Problem now is to make the best use of it. Hence the comb-out of Civil Defence.

Part-Time Help

More than a quarter of a million people will be affected. Some will be given extra jobs during their long waits for bombers. Many will leave Civil Defence entirely and return to industry.

They will be replaced by part-time workers.

But some authorities are saying, "We cannot possibly run a warden's post on part-time labour."

Rubbish!

They'll Tell Them

The voluntary system is capable of immense expansion. It can be so organised that nearly everyone would do a few hours' Civil Defence duty a week.

No doubt Messrs. Bevin and Morrison will take off the gloves to those councils who are too lazy to make economical changes.

Forget-Me-Nots

But it's also up to us. Up to us to see how we can help the war effort.

There are now 1,750,000 allotments in Britain. There are between two and three million private gardens which are also helping to grow food.

There are millions more that still grow only flowers.

Any Offers!

Countless allotments throughout the land are in danger of neglect, the owners having been called up.

One man had three sons helping him on his big allotment. Those three sons are now in the R.A.F.; the father cannot keep the whole plot going.

Yet the spade work has been done. Women or lads could easily maintain the allotment as it now is. Volunteers, forward!

No Beds

Does it pay to volunteer? Some people may be forgiven if they think not.

One reader offered to billet Servicemen if beds could be provided by officialdom. Last November, three men arrived—without beds.

Our reader gathered cushions and blankets and slept them on the floor. Next day they were moved.

So Time Flies

Next month, three more men arrived. Still no beds. They went.

One month later, three more men came —*with* beds. After six nights, the men were withdrawn.

Since then the billets have been empty. A pity!

Where's The Dentist!

Are the Services making too many demands upon the public?

One critic asserts that so many dentists have been called up that civilians are suffering.

Answer is that at least 80 per cent. of Army recruits need dental treatment on enlistment. JOHN BULL believes that the Army should come first.

Thanks to The Allies

More tribute should be paid to Allied personnel fighting with the R.A.F.

When 14 enemy planes were shot down over Rangoon, eleven of them fell to an American squadron. Again, out of five Me.s destroyed, three were accounted for by a Polish squadron.

In common fairness, such facts should always be announced.

Petrol Flows Easily

Here's wicked waste. A reader reports that outside his house each morning six ambulances line up to collect rations from the butcher next door. Each ambulance carries two men.

The meat could be carried away by two men without a high-powered ambulance. As the vehicles come from one section, all the rations could be taken round by one tricycle.

Dolling Up

A Government figure was expected to visit a factory recently. The 8,000 workers made the place spick-and-span, then lined up at 1.30 to give him a reception.

At five o'clock they were still lolling around waiting in vain for the distinguished guest. Result: some 20,000 hours wasted.

It's Obvious

It wouldn't please Stalin. It wouldn't please Churchill.

And both men would agree on the only possible remedy, often stressed in these columns: Make official visits without warning!

Scrap Heap

Next, a note to the Minister of Supply:

At Yoxford, Suffolk, is a scrap heap that nobody will own.

Not just a heap of tin, but trainloads of five-ton traction engines and steam engines.

Nobody's Darling

Local council has done everything possible to invite official attention to the dump. Lady Hambling, a councillor, on whose estate the dump is situated, confesses she does not know to whom it belongs.

In the village, ornamental railings are scheduled to be pulled down, yet their combined weight will not equal one of the wheels of those derelict engines!

Lesson for Belfast

Quite a lot of councils should note that the War Office is not willing to tolerate the bigots who refuse to open theatres to the troops on Sunday.

So, in Belfast, the Corporation has been overruled.

JOHN BULL puts this poser to the objectors:

Do you prefer a contented Army that will fight well during the coming year, or a bored Army that will become jaded before action begins?

Britain at War

Most of us would probably like the Army to become tougher with the civilians who apparently have yet to realise the meaning of war.

Witness the racehorse trainer who recently demanded an Army exercise to be stopped for an hour until he had finished his gallops.

Rough treatment, not argument, is the only cure for those who think the training of horses more important than the training of troops.

Stoke Secrecy

Not less curious is the extraordinary situation at Stoke-on-Trent, whose citizens will not in future be allowed to know their officials' salaries, and where a petition requesting a judicial inquiry into serious allegations made by an ex-councillor has been thrown into the fire by the Deputy Lord Mayor.

Such methods do not dispel suspicion. They enlarge it.

Cost Plus

There is more than a suspicion that the infamous "cost plus" system continues to inflate our war bill and line the pockets of unscrupulous contractors. Nothing unusual, unfortunately, is the report of a reader that three bricklayers and three labourers were engaged on an air raid shelter all day Sunday at double pay.

The day's work amounted to 72 bricks. Protests aroused this comment by the contractor: "You're just paid to be there."

Overdone

Now there are some contracts where accurate estimates are impossible and the "cost plus" method is defensible.

But in all work not of an experimental nature tenders should be invited. How much longer will it take for the authorities to realise this simple axiom of economical management?

Behind the News

- **Biggest Jap disappointment is now clear: failure to seize Allied millions in East Indies, which were all got away in good time except some very small deposits in country banks.**
- *Tokio's shipping shortage is already so acute that thousands of Jap shipwrights have been sent to Java for salvage work.*
- Despite every effort, typhus and diphtheria have spread to Germany —even to Magdeburg, 70 miles from Berlin.
- **Even worse for Nazis is spread of foot-and-mouth disease. Million cattle destroyed since October, yet ravages continue.**
- *More than half the sheepskin coats and other warm clothing made for Nazis on Murmansk front are at the bottom of the sea, due to overloading of ships.*
- Jap manpower losses in Pacific in the first three months exceeded 140,000.
- **Eight of the nine Czech divisions sent to Russian front last year have been returned because of "passive obstructionism."**
- *Hungary warns Berlin that if Nazi demands for troops are met, there will not be enough labour to grow food. Other slave States are echoing this excuse.*
- Allied "arsenal of Eritrea" is supplying munitions to Middle East and Russia. Schedule time was late summer.
- **New Luftwaffe fighter, Me. 115, designed to sweep Allies out of the sky, made its first appearance in Russia recently. Five were shot down out of twelve in eight minutes by Soviet-flown Hurricanes!**

Without Fear or Favour

By the Editor

OUR WEAKEST WEAPON

GROWING in volume and urgency every day, the national demand for an attacking policy designed to beat Germany *this* year naturally stresses the importance of guns, tanks, ships, 'planes, and machinery.

These material armaments are, indeed, vital to our essential victory in the field. Nevertheless, they could be and ought to be supported by a bolder and more imaginative attack upon minds as well as men. In other words—by better propaganda.

In the last war, British propaganda proved a potent instrument for victory. In this one it has been the weakest weapon in the national armoury.

The reforms which John Bull urges fall, roughly, under three heads:

1 **HOME:** The people want news, prompt and plentiful—*all* the news that can be told without helping the enemy.

They ask for nothing but facts, uncoloured by emphasis or distortion. Speedy release of news makes the best possible impression.

They also want clear guidance as to what is expected of them. "Tell us what to do, and we'll do it!"

General MacArthur, arriving in Australia to assume supreme command, was quick to assure the people there that they could count on him to tell them the truth and tell them quickly.

Mr. Brendan Bracken, Mr. Eden and the War Cabinet should follow his example.

2 **ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES:** It is essential to keep the world well informed of the fight that Britain is making.

The Germans hurry to counter our more effective broadcasts; we have often let the grass of opportunity grow and wither under our slow feet.

By skilful publicity, quick and colourful distribution of news items and photographs, and by first-class illustrated magazine work—in every neutral and Axis-aligned country—Goebbels and his gang continually get ahead of us.

We actually allow Americans and Canadians—not to mention neutrals—to imagine that in this country we are half starved and shabbily dressed. We give them no true and vivid and heartening picture of Britain at war.

In peace time our salesmanship was never so admirable as the quality of our goods. War hasn't changed this position. We must sell the victory idea and the victory spirit that animates our own lives.

3 **GERMANY AND ENEMY OCCUPIED TERRITORY:** First and foremost, John Bull wishes to make it plain that not even the most brilliant propaganda can serve as a substitute for military success.

All conquered Europe is waiting with desperate eagerness for news of some Allied effort in the field to support the magnificent and hope-inspiring offensive of the Russian armies.

Thus, one ounce of *news* of some dashing exploit, such as we carried through at St. Nazaire, is always worth a ton of general information.

But, in the absence of specific successes, British propaganda needs to bank utterly upon honesty and objective presentation of fact.

We ought to remember constantly that in Hitler's Europe no man can listen to the B.B.C. except at the risk of his neck. And he will not risk his neck to listen to anything but *the truth.*

Convince him that British broadcasts are reliable; that commentary is intelligently based on facts; and then no risk will keep him from his receiving set.

Now, we do not contest the basic truth of our foreign broadcasts. All through this war we have consistently fought the big Goebbels lie with the British truth, such as it was.

But there can be no question that our propaganda has frequently wavered, and that we have often been inconsistent in policy.

In this connection John Bull feels certain that the United Nations ought at once to set up a propaganda G.H.Q. Just as they are concerting strategy and unifying the vast problem of supply, so they must concert their radio services and unify their psychological attack.

Unless this be done, we shall remain in constant danger of contradicting one another, either directly or indirectly.

And we cannot afford to have it said, either by German listeners or by others, friendly but under German rule: "What does this mean? Russia says she is fighting Hitlerism and the Nazi invaders, but Russia's Allies do not seem at all clear on this point."

It is essential, therefore, that the United Nations should speak with one voice, and to this end we suggest that a Central Council for Propaganda should be appointed and remain in constant session.

That would solve the main problem of policy, but British methods would still need to be overhauled. At present they are ill conceived and cumbrous.

The Germans and the Russians both give their propagandists an almost complete discretion. They judge them by results after they have made their broadcasts.

Our practice is to have every broadcast submitted in advance to a flock of Civil Servants and bureaucrats. They try to estimate its probable effects before it is made. They tone down this passage and cut out that. And whatever emerges from this mincing machine is naturally a rather tasteless sausage-meat.

EVEN *The Times*, wary of innovations, said the other day in this connection:

"*It seems strange that prejudices have been excited by the employment of anti-Nazi Germans and anti-Fascist Italians in broadcasting to enemy countries, and that it should have been hailed as a virtue that all scripts should be prepared by British writers. Expert propagandists like the Russians make no such elementary mistakes.*"

They certainly do not. They bring German prisoners to the microphone with telling effect. They never let excessive prudence impede their speed of attack and counter-attack.

Goebbels' recent broadcast announcing further extensive food cuts in Germany was answered by Ernst Fischer, Moscow's leading German-speaking commentator, within fifteen minutes!

But then Lozovsky, the most brilliant propaganda chief which this war has produced, is neither hampered by red tape nor by Russian "Vansittarts."

To make our propaganda anything like as effective as his, we must free it immediately from its bureaucratic trammels and the remotest suspicion of "Vansittartism."

Germany will never "crack" until she comes much nearer to the prospect of defeat than she is at present.

But she will not crack even then unless we and our Allies keep on hammering the truth into the minds of the German people, plugging the principles of the Atlantic Charter and, it is earnestly to be hoped, supporting those principles with a clear-cut and authoritative statement of our economic policy for the whole post-war world.

The Bad Old Days of So-Called Peace

"I WISH we could go back to the good old days of peace. We didn't appreciate them when we had them."

How often do many of us say this!

Well, at the bottom of a drawer I found an old newspaper for March 3, 1939. Six months before all this. Thick paper and *eighteen pages*!

* * *

Good old days! I saw what we all mean when we wish we could go back to them.

Two pages of Sport. Women's Page. Motorists' Page. Two whole columns of radio programmes—National, Regional, Midland, etc. Time, News and *Weather* at 6, 7, 10, and ten minutes to midnight. . . .

Picture of a few of the 15,000 young Frenchmen from Brittany selling onions in English streets!!!

And such advertisements! Fourguinea suits for forty-five shillings—and no coupons. Press-button radio, with big pictures of supersets. Tobacco and cigarettes of all kinds. Chocolate. Beer.

Holiday Camps ("Send for 40-page Booklet Now!). *Make it Somewhere-on-Sea this year!* ("Official Guide, free.")

And all kinds of *food*—with pictures. And *free samples*. . . .

Very nice. If only it had *all* been like that. BUT. . . .

What about the news pages?

I.R.A. outrages. Bombs here, there and everywhere. Trouble brewing in Burma. (!) Pétain appointed French Ambassador to Madrid.

"No Rail Wage Increases." Two million unemployed in Britain. "100 Workless Lie Down in Commons."

Distressed Areas.

* * *

R.A.F. to get more than Navy—air estimates show £206,000,000 to be spent during 1939.

Thirty-seven balloon barrages, in addition to London's *ten*, to be formed in provinces. Mr. Frank Pick appointed Evacuation Officer.

Evacuation plans going well. . . . Voluntary offers to billet schoolchildren so good that Government unlikely to use compulsion.

Final details of scheme to make habitable all "essential" houses damaged in raids. Hospitals to have 200,000 beds available in first twenty-four hours of war.

Nazis get Czech radium. Italy calls up recruits. "Japan to pay for bombing of Hong Kong." (!)

Column after column of things like that.

* * *

And we say: "I wish we could go back to the good old days of peace."

How we forget!

We fight for peace. We work for peace. And peace may lie ahead in the future. The real thing. That's up to us.

But if more of us saved old newspapers we'd realise one thing: peace does not lie behind us.

The good old days of peace *weren't!*

WILL SCOTT.

KING BORIS OF BULGARIA, Europe's Weakest Monarch

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your father, Ferdy the Fox, was a knave. You are merely a craven.

He went to war on Germany's side in the hope of gain. You have done so for fear.

Yet I doubt if the people you have betrayed will enable you to keep your promise to the Fuehrer, who summoned you to him as if you were an errand-boy and then bullied you as if you were his valet.

Send 100,000 or 200,000 Bulgars to fight the Soviet Union? But they consider the Russians as their blood-brothers.

Send them to fight the Turks? But they know that the new Turkey is powerful and watchful, and for all their warrior spirit their discretion will probably match their valour.

So I think it will be a "token war," as indeed it has been for months. Your Government's announcement of a "state of war" merely legalises an existing situation.

It is significant that, even before your troops are ordered to march, concentration camps have been built for those who refuse to go to death on the Russian front, and there are riots in your capital.

No, Bulgaria will not count for much in this war. It will eventually surrender as unconditionally as it did in September, 1918.

And you will go down to fame as a new species of traitor—the Rat of the Balkans.—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR SIR,—The country is asked to Dig for Victory. More women are being drafted on to the land. But steam-trawlers are laid up, and thus the public is deprived of a valuable food.

Many men are asking for release from their present jobs to return to fishing—so far, in vain.

Will you not champion their cause?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Walton and Weybridge Discussion Group

DEAR PEOPLE,—I'm surprised that your "exclusive dance and cabaret" in a country hotel was served by special coaches from Byfleet, Weybridge, Addlestone, and Walton.

I wonder if you intend to discuss waste of petrol at your next meeting?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—When you said that Civil Defence women would get extra pay for extra work you surely did not mean that it would be at half the rate of a charwoman?

Women ambulance-drivers, who did such fine work in the heavy raids, now work a seventy-two-hour week for 52s. 6d. instead of a forty-eight-hour week for 47s. 6d.

Formerly they could take spare-time work to eke out their pay, yet had time over to look after their homes. Now they have neither—and receive a pound less than men drivers.

That isn't equal sacrifice, you'll agree. —JOHN BULL.

Lord BRIDGEMAN, Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—Judging by the case with which two boys stole a tommy-gun from a Home Guard hut recently, protection of such posts is as nebulous as a Spring mist.

Here is another example: At a southern H.G. headquarters, anti-tank and tommy-guns, Brownings and Mills bombs are left unguarded during the day until the Home Guards come on duty in the evening.

But I doubt if the Nazis will be so obliging as to invade only in the evening.

Why not ask the police to take over the posts in day time?—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN, Kent Public Assistance Committee

DEAR SIR,—Are all your officials able to read?

I ask because some of them continue to send bills for the present upkeep of an old lady in one of your institutions, although her son has sent several letters informing them that she died last October.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, London County Council

GENTLEMEN,—There is a paper shortage. I remind you of this because your administration has just sent three circulars to 1,300 Civil Defence volunteers—one to inform them they must not talk to the Press, another forbidding them to accept tips, and a third to ask if they had got the other two.

I can't believe they were necessary.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—You'll find a lot to interest you in the advertisements in country newspapers. This one is typical: "Wanted, maid for one lady (good home); exemption may be arranged for woman of registration age."

I hope your National Service officers are taking care that there is no new racket in domestic service.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel LYON, Liverpool Fire Salvage Association

DEAR SIR,—I am informed that large panels of heavy-gauge brass are being engraved with the names of former superintendents of your association.

I hope it isn't true, for I am sure you realise the imperative need to use metal for essential war purposes.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PATRICK HANNON, M.P., Smith Square, London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR PATRICK,—I cannot pretend surprise at the fall in the profits of a company over which you preside. For, of course, taxation has gone up.

No doubt, as you say, the shareholders will "all bear cheerfully this contribution to the war effort."

So they should, as they are getting a 30 per cent. dividend for the year.—JOHN BULL.

Viscount CRANBORNE, Secretary of State for the Colonies

MY LORD,—On your desk is a cable from the president of the Ceylon National Congress. It asks that Dominion status will be granted to Ceylon immediately after the war.

The State Council of the island wanted a visit from Sir Stafford Cripps. Cripps, unfortunately, could not spare the time.

But it is your duty to spare time to urge Ceylon's reasonable case before the War Cabinet.

And not only Ceylon!

The whole of our colonial administration needs instant and enlightened review.

I will not remind you of its defects. I shall not recall the officially admitted scandals of the West Indies. I need not quote the warning of Burma, whose "dissidents" have led Japanese to ambush our troops because they foolishly imagine that Japan will give them more freedom in government than we are prepared to offer.

The past does not matter. The great necessity is to frame our future policy in harmony with the new spirit that is sweeping the Colonies.

Dominion status for India? Certainly. But why not extend it to those overseas nations who have long since grown out of their swaddling-clothes and now demand the rights of their young manhood?

Ceylon has been loyal. Ceylon has been patient. Ceylon should be the next land to benefit by the ideals for which we are fighting.—JOHN BULL.

The Sons of Martha

I MOVE along what I call the soft ways of war-girt Britain.

They are not so soft as the de-luxe paths still trodden languidly by a minority of rich, idle and pampered concentrics; but they are soft compared with the hard way along which plod the men and women who toil so that the hungry machine of war shall be fed.

ARGUE IT OUT By Pallas

To be fair to myself I must record that I raise in my garden as much food as a hostile soil will yield; and that for nearly two years now I have shouldered whatever Home Guard duties have been thrust on me.

It isn't much. But it's more than some able-bodied men and women are doing.

It is my unhappy lot to mix a great deal with some of the people who still glide smoothly along the soft way. From their ranks are drawn the most strident and unbending critics who sit in judgment on the efforts of others.

★ ★ ★

They sit back in their comfortable carriages and thunder against the slackers in the munitions plants and factories. And they probably cite as evidence the statement of a man whose wife's brother is manager or director of a factory.

They seize on a trivial police court case of absenteeism to condemn the men who fashion the tools of war; and they talk loudly of what they would do to "keep the blighters up to scratch."

These critics are few, but the sound of their voices is a clamorous blot on the land.

I'll wager that not one in a score of them could put in a couple of hours' work at a steel plant or shipyard or coal mine without cracking up, let alone toil day after day, week after week, month after month, as the sturdy men in the heavy basic industries do.

★ ★ ★

These men in the North and in the Midlands are the salt of the industrial earth. They'll curse and grumble; they'll swig their beer and play hard when they can. But they'll never forget pride in their job—a pride which is part of a great tradition fostered by generations of highly skilled craftsmanship.

One of them is worth a hundred of the soft-living gentry whose activities, apart from stupid condemnations of things they know nothing about, are mainly directed to getting something to help out their rations.

People like Mr. Assheton, Parliamentary Secretary, Minister of Supply, know the worth of the workers. Mr. Assheton declares: "The great majority of workers of every class are doing their job magnificently."

The hard way is theirs. They are the Sons of Martha, waiting "world without end, reprieve or rest."

★ This is another tale of the sea, told as only this vivid writer can, but two of the three heroes who outwitted Hitler's gang were landlubbers—a farmer and a shopkeeper. The other was an amateur yachtsman.

Three Men in a Boat Beat Hitler

By COMMODORE PURSSEY PHILLIPS

NORWAY, land of the Viking sea-rovers, lies crushed beneath the Nazi jackboot. Far over forest and fjord lies the black shadow of the Swastika—but still the seas are free.

It was to the sea, as to a strong friend, that hundreds of Norwegians turned when Hitler, leering behind Quisling's shoulder, decreed that the "Sons of Kormak" should, like the Poles, abase themselves as a slave-race to serve the new Germany.

South-West for Freedom

Sometimes in the whistling fury of an Atlantic storm, sometimes in the icy stillness of a northern night, sometimes in perilous fog, big boats and little boats crept out of the Norwegian harbours and ran west or south-west for freedom.

Some of those little ships never reached land. They sailed west clean into the Port of Lost Ships, where many a Norse warboat had sailed before them.

This is the tale of Three Men in a Boat;-and though one of them ended his voyage in Valhalla, the shades of his Viking ancestors would have clashed shields and made the wine-cups ring to greet him there, for he came to them as a man who had earned his freedom.

He was not a sailor, either. He was a big Norwegian farmer.

With two friends, one an amateur yachtsman with a yawl that boasted a tiny auxiliary engine, the other a shop-keeper, he decided to run the gauntlet of Nazi coastal troops and guns, patrolling aircraft and guardships and E-boats, and make a dash for Britain.

I will not tell you how they prepared for the adventure, because the same thing is going on up there every day, and Mr. Quisling would get much better sleep at nights if only he knew how it was done.

When everything was ready, they waited for a storm. For Germans, like pussy-cats, do not like storms; they are apt to put their heads under cover and let the old grey sea do its worst; and in those times things happen.

Grazed Flak-Ship

With the North Atlantic rollers racing ashore like running mountains, the north wind screaming, rain drumming, and Thor's Hammer crashing in thunder among the piled clouds, the little yawl clawed her way to sea just before the dawn.

She carried no lights, she tossed like driftwood in a millrace, and she grazed the side of a German flak-ship while still not a quarter of a mile from the shore. But the Fritzes aboard were doubtless down below nursing their bellies and hoping that the thing that scraped on their hull was a torpedo to put them out of their misery!

Dancing up gigantic waves and sliding endlessly down into great sea valleys, the yawl made her way south-westwards as the stormy dawn stained the sky.

At her masthead drummed the scarlet-and-white flag of Norway, proud as the raven pennon of Odin of old.

They had been travelling just over an hour when the little auxiliary engine aboard spluttered apologetically and gave out. It had pulled them through the worst of the now-waning storm, and had broken its heart.

A journey of several hundred miles lay before them. They could still have gone back and made some excuse.

Instead, they ran up the small sail and continued their course.

During the morning the storm regained most of its violence. Only seamen with wide experience and in desperate necessity would have cared to face it in this eggshell of a boat.

These men, two of whom had never been to sea before, fought the elements as it were by an instinct awakened from the long past when ancestors of theirs rode out similar storms in single-sailed dragon-ships.

All that day the wind screamed and the waves rose above them like sliding hills. All that night they sailed their fragile little ship amidst an Atlantic storm.

Unabated, the wind and sea gathered around them all the next day, with its whistling, endless night, and the next day, and that night, too.

The Storm Abates

On the fourth day, miles off their course, they saw the wind-lashed clouds lighten a little. The rain reluctantly stopped its fierce thrumming, and the gale tired into spasmodic, angry yelis.

By late afternoon the storm had blown itself out, though the sea still ran in endless enormous rollers from the infinite west.

An hour later there was a dead calm, despite the turbulence of the sea.

Wearied almost to death after four nights without sleep, the men took stock of their provisions. They had three bottles of water left, and some biscuits.

They rationed themselves to one cup of water each per day. Then two of them slept like logs in the bottom of the boat, after baling out some of the slopping water. The third man stayed at the helm.

Next morning they saw the Scottish coast. But the wind had risen again in the night to a strong westerly breeze. That breeze lay directly offshore.

Attempting with infinite patience to tack in, they found a powerful current running south.

Without their motor they could not reach the land they could see. And their motor was broken.

That afternoon the yawl took up with a grim companion.

A big, dark, floating thing, bobbing along in the current that swept them southward—a thing that looked like a barrel or an iron ball.

Then they saw, as the sea rolled it after them, a projecting glass horn. The thing was a floating mine, carrying enough high explosive to sink a Cunarder. It went with them.

They got out the oars and tried to increase the pace of their yawl. But the grisly follower bobbed along faster as they went faster. Though they strained their backs and blistered their hands, they not only could not gain on it—it came closer.

They rowed for more than an hour. Then they gave it up.

It bobbed very close to them, as if indulging a ghastly sense of humour. Then it would go right away, nearly out of sight.

Just like a cat with a half-dead mouse.

It came back again, and they had to risk fending it off with an oar, knowing well that if the oar touched one of the horns, that would be the end of everything for them.

The thing gambolled like some obscene black porpoise just beside them.

It was still there when night fell.

A new horror became apparent. In the dark they could not see it. It could creep up and bump against them, and they would be blown to bits without even being able to make a jump for safety.

One man watched all night. He swore that he heard the mine collide with them four times.

After four days the tiny boat, miles off its course, came into a calmer sea—but that was not the end!

Easy Prey for Heinkels

The dawn came. The mine was still there, a little ahead and to port.

That afternoon it seemed to tire of the sport. It went off right out of sight, and then came back, and then went off again.

It never came back, but not till hours after did they feel at all comfortable.

Meanwhile, the Scottish coast was sliding by—unreachable while the west wind and the current held their little ship.

Next morning, as they were sipping their few drops of water, they heard a distant humming. A British flying-boat, almost for certain . . . and that meant rescue!

Two aircraft—not flying-boats, though. And not British. Heinkel bombers, with the hateful crooked cross under their wings.

They came swooping down like sea-hawks at a fish.

Here was a ship they were not afraid of—a tiny pleasure-yawl with a broken engine, and three half-starved men aboard.

The growling whir of a machine-gun shattered the morning sea-music, and the waves spattered into a myriad fountains. The two aircraft zoomed gracefully up again and passed on eastwards.

Vicious Attack

But behind them came a third, down so low that the men in the boat could see the pilot's goggled face distorted by the bullet-proof glass of his screen. Again the machine-guns rattled.

A big hole suddenly appeared in the bottom of the boat, and water began to fountain up through it.

The farmer grabbed up a blanket and stuffed it into the hole. As he kneeled, feverishly working, the bomber came screeching down again, making no mistake this time.

There was a thudding of bullets, and the farmer fell dead over the blanket, while the steersman, who owned the yawl, also sprawled down with bullets in his chest and thigh, and his right arm almost torn off.

The crew of the Nazi bomber, evidently thinking they had killed all the occupants and that, anyway, the boat was holed and sinking, flew off.

Above the shambles below, the scarlet-and-white flag of Norway still drummed proudly in the western breeze.

Somehow, the shopkeeper gave what first-aid he could to the badly wounded yachtsman. The dead man they put overside, with a brief prayer.

The Scottish coast was still visible to starboard—and still unreachable.

The wounded man was propped up in the bows. Sometimes he was unconscious. Sometimes he groaned or cried out involuntarily, as the cockleshell boat tossed him about.

They Carried On

But he was still doing a job. All the time he was whispering directions to his shopkeeper friend, telling him how to sail the boat, how to prevent her oversetting in that strong wind and current, and how to keep her running within sight of the coast that was their only hope.

There was only a little water left now, and in an hour or two the hurt man had sipped it all. After that he set his teeth, and they carried on without water or food.

For thirteen livelong hours, they sailed that yawl so, and kept her on her course. Among the sagas of the Vikings is no story of more dogged and incredible endurance than that.

Presently the shopkeeper broke their compass so as to give his wounded friend the comfort of the drop of alcohol it contained. It kept him alive.

And then, after thirteen hours of it, out of the mist came a British fishing-boat. . . .

So two Vikings came to freedom—and one more found freedom drifting to and fro for ever in the North Sea tides. . . .

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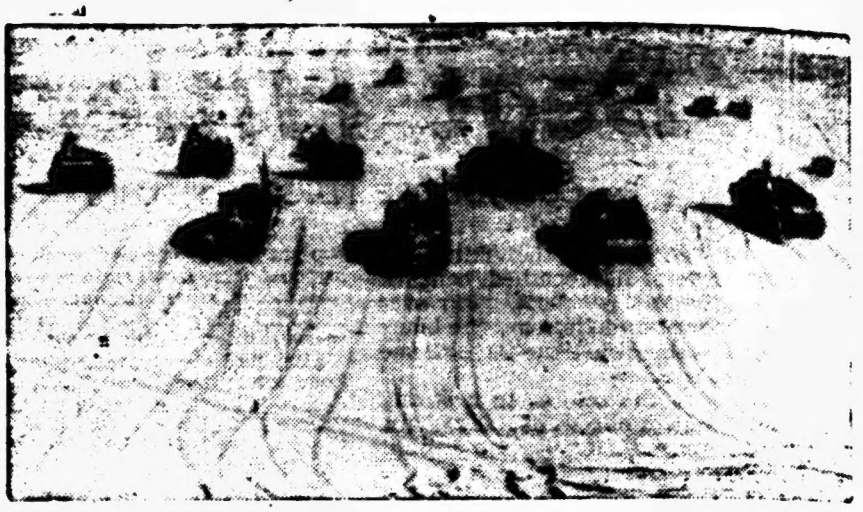
ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTEPAPER?

THERE IS A SECOND F

Get out your maps of the Middle East. You are going to need them. The storm that is about to burst will have its centre there, and the fate of humanity will be decided there

Says A. G. GARDINER



Large mechanised forces are ranged along the vast front we are holding in the Middle East

ONE imperious motive governs the Axis. It is to join forces and establish a single front from the Straits of Dover to the Sea of Japan.

If that cannot be done this summer, 1942 should be fatal to Hitler. If it can be done, we have a prolonged and uncertain war ahead.

Two main facts dominate the outlook. Both were unlooked for. One favours the Axis; the other favours us. The first is Japan's lightning thrust to the Indian Ocean; the second is Russia's "No Thoroughfare" to Hitler's war machine.

Let us look at the bearing of these facts upon the Axis strategy. And first, what will Hitler do? One thing he must do or try to do. He must defeat Russia or lose the war.

That, as he knows now, is a large order. He cannot set about fulfilling it for another six weeks.

General Winter is going, but General Mud is coming, and movement on the great scale in Russia is impossible.

Moreover, Russia's terrific "come-back" has upset his Spring offensive on that front.

★ ★ ★

Will he therefore wait until June before he strikes? All the omens, I think, indicate that he will not. The Black Sea route to the Caucasus and the Middle East is not yet practicable.

But there is another route to the south, and everything points to a desperate and immediate lunge in this direction.

The terrific attacks on Malta, the vast accumulations of men and material in Greece and in the Dodecanese, the activities in Italy and the Eastern Mediterranean, the attempts at all costs to reinforce Rommel in Libya, and the mobilising of the Bulgarian army all indicate what is afoot.

Whether in this event Hitler will launch his attack by the front door of the Dardanelles is still an open question.

ALL THE BEST-INFORMED OPINION SUPPORTS THE VIEW THAT TURKEY WOULD FIGHT, AND TURKEY IS THE MOST FORMIDABLE MILITARY POWER IN THE BALKANS.

She has resisted all the intrigues of Von Papen, and the discovery from Germany's map of the "New Europe" that Hitler has engaged to hand over the Dardanelles to Bulgaria should steel her determination to fight.

★ ★ ★

If Hitler thinks an attack on Turkey too hazardous at present he will have to by-pass that country and make the attempt by air and sea on the Syrian seaboard.

For such an attempt he would use the whole Italian navy ruthlessly; and poor though the showing of that navy has been, we must not under-rate the danger.

With all our enormous commitments at sea, our margin of safety in the Eastern Mediterranean is limited.

France left us in the lurch there, and our losses at Crete and elsewhere have been serious and, in the circumstances, irreplaceable.

The attack on Syria would synchronise with a desperate spring by Rommel in Libya. For this is the hour of Hitler's supreme gamble.

He will risk everything on the throw, and we must not put out of our calculations the possibility of a mad stampede by Rommel towards the Suez Canal.

Even if the diversion failed disastrously it might help Hitler to get a foothold in Syria from which he could advance eastwards to Persia and the Caucasus.

★ ★ ★

And at this point let me say a word on the irresponsible nonsense that is talked about our failure to open "a second front."

A SECOND FRONT! WHY, WE ARE HOLDING A SECOND FRONT AS VAST AS THAT OF RUSSIA.

Look at your map. Trace that front by sea and land from Malta and Libya through Egypt and Palestine to Syria, Irak and Persia right up to the Caucasus and eastward to India.

And over that whole vast field of the Middle East it is almost true to say that there is not a gun that is not a British gun, nor a tank that is not a British tank, nor an aeroplane that is not a British aeroplane, nor a ship that is not a British ship, nor a soldier who does not wear a British uniform.

And all this in addition to the immensity of our tasks in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in the home waters, in our daily and nightly raids from Norway to the Pyrenees!

Is it not time that the stupendous war effort of this country—an effort unprecedented by any country in the history of the world—ceased to be insulted by the imbecility of critics who refuse to take any account of the stern and inexorable facts?

★ ★ ★

I return to Hitler's plan to force an entrance to the Caucasus by the back door and to hook up with Japan at the Persian Gulf.

Whatever his success in Asia Minor, he cannot have an unbeaten enemy on his flank.

His supreme task this summer is to destroy the Russian army in the field. No

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

SHOULD WE LEAVE RUINS?

● "We should leave a few selected ruins of churches or cultural buildings in every bombed city," say some people.

"Clean up everything and rebuild completely," say others. "We shall not need reminders of man's folly."

Although this is merely a personal view, I think there should be kept as a perpetual monument of human folly one bombed building in each city.

And, on each, there should be a tablet recording how many people died in the blitz in that town or area, and a brief account of what the citizens endured.

For ever, then, posterity would remember with reverence how their forefathers stood firm, even under the rain of death.

COULD YOUTH BE BETTER USED?

● The Air Training Corps, in which youths are instructed, is by no means the only organisation that could prepare boys and girls for their duties in a long war.

We do not want to dragoon our budding manhood and womanhood on Hitler Youth lines.

It could be organised, though, for the collection of waste, helping on farms and allotments, and doing messenger work in the evenings in Red Cross depots and so on.

And there should be a certain kind of drill, not too much to tire or annoy, but sufficient for health and for preparation for the future.

WHAT ABOUT HOLIDAYS?

● The Government, in consultation with such great experts as Lord Horder and Sir John Orr, should work out a policy on holidays.

It should decide what annual rest is needed by each class of worker, and then see that he gets it, with pay, and the privileges to travel.

Munition workers are now limited to a week's break, while all sorts of people engaged on much less important work are allowed to do what they please.

We should all be treated the same, but only after wisdom has been used in the ruling.

ARE WE TOO FLIPPANT?

● Although strangers may sneer at our humorous attitude towards the war and our jesting, this, in my mind, is one of our great safeguards as a people.

To the amazement of Australians, Canadians and Americans, onlookers often laugh and make jokes when they see wardens and ambulance workers practising "incidents" with "casualties" lying about with labels on.

Yet what a reserve of strength it gives us.

Eternal tenseness is harassing and demoralising.

The Briton's quality of good humour saved him in the blitz. It is part of his strength in battle.

It is the enemy of Fascism and Bosdom generally, and, the foe of snobbery, it helps to make a family of us.

A race that produced, in its worst hours, the Bairnsfather drawing, "If you know of a better 'ole," beat all the German swank. It should do it again.

FRONT

diversion elsewhere can relieve him of that necessity. He cannot leave a triumphant Russia behind him.

AND, GREAT AS HIS RESOURCES MAY BE, IT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM IN THE COMING SUMMER TO DEAL US A KNOCK-OUT BLOW IN THE MIDDLE EAST WITH HIS RIGHT HAND AND DELIVER A KNOCK-OUT BLOW TO RUSSIA WITH HIS LEFT.

In gambling on the double event he may well fail in both.

But we must nurse no illusions. The gamble may be mad, but the Japanese have taught us that the wildest gamble may be successful—for a time.

★ ★ ★

Let us turn to the other Axis partner, who is straining to join up with Hitler in the Middle East. It is the astonishing success of Japan which has brought that union out of the realm of dreams into the realm of the possible.

The doings of Japan in four short months seem to belong to the world of nightmare rather than the world of fact.

They have conquered an empire. They are masters of the Pacific. They have smashed a vital link in the sea-power with which we girdled the earth.

They are at the gates of India by sea and land. They threaten Australasia.

If they establish a foothold in Ceylon they might well be in the Persian Gulf by August.

Add to all this the defencelessness of India and the political confusion that prevails there, and the Japanese peril would seem to be more immediately serious than the German peril.

★ ★ ★

BUT THAT IS NOT THE CASE. THE TRIUMPHS OF THE JAPANESE ARE DAZZLING BUT DELUSIVE. THEY ARE THE FRUIT OF SURPRISE, TREACHERY, SECRECY AND THE BLINDNESS OF THE POWERS. THOSE ADVANTAGES ARE EXHAUSTED.

There are grave weaknesses in the Japanese position. They are thousands of miles from their base. They have scattered their forces too widely.

They have extended themselves to the extreme of their resources and will not find it easy to consummate their winnings as the United Nations gather their superior strength.

General Smuts has expressed the view that the episode will live as the most astonishing case of national suicide in history, and events will, I think, confirm that view.

This does not mean that the immediate danger is not great: it is very great. But it does mean that the world is too big to be gobbled up in one mouthful.

It does mean that if we can keep Hitler in his prison the Japs will not have strength enough to make contact with him.

It does mean that if Russia can hold Germany in check on the Black Sea this summer and we can hold her at bay in the Middle East, Hitler's gamble will have failed.

And if it fails now, it fails irrevocably. For the industrial power of America will then become the decisive factor.

★ Remember Ribbentrop, Germany's Foreign Minister, whom Hitler regards as "the greatest diplomat of all time"? You have not heard much of him lately, but he is busy!

Dirty Deals by Ribbentrop

A RECENT report from the Balkans will give you some idea of what he is doing. A hundred Serbs, the report said, had been expelled from their native villages by the Gestapo and were driven across the Serb border into the new Axis State, Croatia.

There the Oustachi, Croat sister organisation of the Gestapo, seized them, tortured and mutilated and finally killed them. German photographers were standing by busy taking pictures of the gruesome incident.

Not much later these pictures, sent to Serbia by the Germans, went from hand to hand. In a wave of indignation Serbs avenged their friends. Croats in Serbia were massacred.

Nazi Diplomacy!

Ribbentrop rubbed his hands. Although you may never have guessed it, the whole tragic incident was staged by him. Believe it or not, that is Nazi diplomacy.

Ribbentrop, who knows that Germany is short of troops to guard the conquered countries, is playing them up, one against the other, Axis allies against Axis victims, so that they shall quarrel among themselves and forget their hostility to Germany.

It's a dastardly business.

While Ribbentrop's envoy in Bucarest, the notorious terrorist Killenger, urges the Rumanian Government on to make demands on Hungary, the same Ribbentrop sends emissaries to Hungary with instructions to stiffen Hungary's resistance to these demands.

The result is bellicose speeches by Roumanians, indignant retaliations by Hungary, animosity, hatred, fury among the Balkan brother nations.

Rule and divide! Ribbentrop is not only trying to use this old diplomatic recipe against his enemies. He finds it convenient to apply it to Germany's alleged friends.

Double-Crosser

But not all of Ribbentrop's tricks are designed to confuse and disturb the Balkans. Larger issues loom in his programme. There's Japan!

On the face of it Japan would not present Ribbentrop with many problems. She is in the war on Germany's side. That should be enough for him. It isn't.

Ribbentrop is prepared to desert his Japanese allies as soon as they have served his purpose. He is even using their victories to play up to the common enemies of Japan.

While publicly professing satisfaction about Japanese progress in the Far East, he is sending his peace pedlars and rumour-mongers around trying to buy peace at the expense of Japan.

He would not, of course, commit himself to this treacherous policy. He carefully chooses a spokesman to say what he wants to be said. This spokesman is the Dutch Quisling Mussert, who has played Germany's game for two years.

Now Mussert attacks the Japanese: "It is a shame for Europeans," he says, "to allow the Japs to take Dutch possessions in the Far East!"

He hints at the Yellow Danger. Can there be any doubt that this traitor who has sold his Dutch countrymen to Germany is playing Ribbentrop's game?

He expresses Ribbentrop's sentiments when he tries to rally Europeans — including Britain—against this Yellow Danger. What he really wants to say is that Britain should make peace with Germany so that Japan can be stopped.

But Ribbentrop does not seem too confident about the success of this shallow manœuvre. He wants peace before Germany's defeat. And the Japanese seem to provide him with another opportunity to "come to an understanding" with Britain and America.

So he has instructed his envoys in the Far East to make approaches to China. The wicked Wiedemann, Hitler's friend and confidant, has been stationed in Tientsin, dangerously near Chinese Headquarters.

The Mediator!

Now Wiedemann is reported to be approaching China with "peace offers." He wants to mediate between China and Japan. While his boss Ribbentrop warns Europe about the Yellow Danger, Wiedemann explains to the Chinese that their fate is really linked up with Japan and that they should come to an agreement, join with Japan, and "share in their conquests at the expense of Europeans in Asia."

How is that for an example of Ribbentrop's "diplomacy"? He hopes that at least one of these two contradictory policies will succeed. He is underestimating the intelligence of the United Nations, who want no peace except by complete surrender of the Axis.

But it would be fatal to underestimate the criminal cunning of Ribbentrop. He is preparing to increase Germany's strength if, as no doubt it will be, the battle has to be fought to the finish.

Hitler has told him that Germany will be in a corner unless she can obtain new strategic positions from which to harass British communications.

Even Rommel's survival in the Libyan desert does not improve Germany's position. Africa becomes a corner-stone of Ribbentrop's diplomacy.

For the purpose he discards all accredited diplomatic representatives. What he cannot obtain by negotiations, by threats and intimidation he is out to achieve with the help of his agents who work outside the law and the realms of recognised diplomacy.

While the world is wondering by what means the Axis will try to put their hands on Madagascar, the desert island on the route of British-American convoys, and

Ribbentrop, who includes the aristocratic "von" among his loot, will go down in history as the most satanic of the Nazi thugs

while America is warning France not to hand it over to the Japanese, Ribbentrop is trying to get Madagascar by a new ingenious trick.

He has sent a commission to the island with the alleged task of "exploring the prospects of turning Madagascar into a home for European Jews."

Captain Groener, son of a one-time German Minister of War, leads the German mission.

American Jews are being canvassed to support the scheme which, Ribbentrop's agents assert, will *remove the Jews from the danger zone of Nazi persecution!*

All the time, Groener and his fellow-emissaries, all members of the German General Staff, are putting the finishing touches on the transformation of Madagascar into an Axis base.

Italy Wants Proof

But Ribbentrop doesn't have it all his own way.

Italy, for instance, gives him many headaches. The original Axis partner of Germany wants some proof of Axis collaboration, and little of it has been forthcoming in the last few months.

A never-ending procession of Italian diplomats is going to Germany and imploring Ribbentrop to save their country from starvation.

An ever-increasing number of German troops is pouring into Italy to make sure that even a starving Italy cannot break away from the Axis.

A criminal master-mind is at work. Instead of a "New Order" it is creating chaos, promoting quarrels, sowing distrust and suspicion. It is a perversion of everything that we used to call diplomacy.

We could be shocked about it, indeed, if it did not so clearly bear the stamp of desperation and failure. And Ribbentrop's failure, ultimately, spells the defeat of Germany.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

THE BIG FURNITURE RAMP

A GREAT many respectable families are living in homes almost entirely bereft of furniture.

They sleep on the floor. They eat off tables knocked together from packing-cases.

They have to take turns with the chairs, unless they have knocked a few forms together from old boxes.

How do I know? Because I get their letters.

They tell me how they sold their homes up from a variety of reasons a year ago, when furniture repositories were glutted and many removal firms were asking fantastic prices.

The prices they got were fantastic, too. Thirty shillings for an almost new suite; two shillings each for chairs, and so on. And this only a year ago.

Then they tell me of their vain efforts to get another home together—if only a few sticks.

Prices are again fantastic—but this time because of the height to which they have skyrocketed.

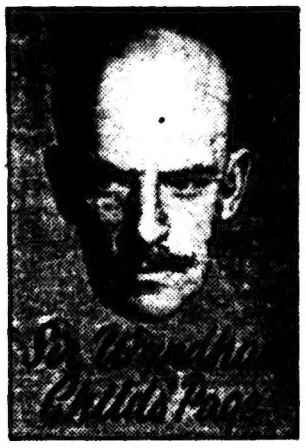
Second-hand prices are often more disgusting than those of new articles.

My investigators sought out a few examples.

Forty guineas for a suite that couldn't have cost more than £17 new ten years ago. Ten pounds for an old, bursting red-plush sofa accompanied by two antiquated *un*-easy chairs with rickety legs.

Two pounds and even more for rough-varnished kitchen tables of doubtful age. Four pounds for a cheap shoddy high-chair for a child.

Princes' ransoms for beds and cots.



Dealers Hoarding It

And there are parts of Britain where you can't get second-hand stuff at all.

Dealers are hoarding it for grosser profiteering after the war, when hundreds of thousands of young married couples will want to set up home for the first time.

Typical of the plight of many families is the position of a woman who writes to me.

Her husband evacuated her and the children from a danger area during the *Blitz*.

Then the Employment Exchange sent him on war work to another town.

He couldn't store the furniture, and he couldn't afford the removal bill. He couldn't get a house to take it to, anyhow.

So he sold it. He had to sell a home that his good wife had saved and scraped for years to acquire.

And, now that his war work permits them to be together again, the money they got for it has enabled them to buy nothing more than a kitchen table and two old chairs, so they have to sleep on the floor, on old mattresses.

They have accumulated a little money to buy more furniture. But their advertisements do not even bring replies.

Now the Board of Trade must do something about this.

The Government has accepted the principle that what furniture can be supplied in these adventurous times should belong first to the bombed-out and then to others needing bare necessities.

But they have blundered so often in their approach to the situation.

Quite early they permitted Town Clerks to requisition second-hand furniture left in unoccupied houses or repositories.

Naturally, Town Clerks hesitated about taking furniture that was probably awaiting the return of a man from the Services or from war work, even for bombed-out people.

Escape Punishment

So the furniture hoards of people who are waiting to profiteer after the war duly escaped.

And so did those four, five and even ten homes of furniture which some single individuals have stored away—the people who live by finding unoccupied houses and letting them "furnished" at fabulous rents.

Repositories are full of their furniture. But it escapes.

Then, when furniture manufacturers were told that they could make just one quarter of their pre-war output, we were told that standardised furniture would come before luxury stuff.

And standardised crockery, cutlery and cooking utensils as well.

I ask the Board of Trade to tell me where these goods can be found.

I tell them that it is easy to find rubbishy luxury furniture of a highly ornamental character commanding prices that only the well-to-do can afford.

Incomplete Control

True a furniture retailer's profits are limited.

But there should be complete control of all new furniture from the wood-yard to the private house. Real needs should be met, and luxury furnishing should go.

It should be made illegal for dealers to hoard vast quantities of second-hand furniture for after the war. It should be sold now, while the need is great. And profiteering should be punished heavily.

The Board of Trade has shown very good intentions, but nothing has resulted. It wants greater powers. And, getting them, it should use them fearlessly.

Talk about Pearls and Coral!

FROM every local authority that has appointed street salvage stewards comes the report: We are saving twice as much paper and other waste.

If you are looking for a really big unpaid war job, what about taking on this work?

One of the most important of your duties will be to learn all the uses of salvage—and be able to advise.

And, of course, it will be your duty to see that every bit saved is properly collected.

Problems arise—such as that of the man who had ten heavy bars of brass to give to the Government, but declined to hand them over with his waste in case the best use wasn't made of them.

His salvage steward proved to him that the metal was going straight to a brass founder.

Said one man of a Battersea street salvage steward: "He came to my door and talked as entrancingly about my waste as if he was talking about pearls or coral."

That sort of man is wanted—because salvage, in war time, *is* pearls and coral!

The man or woman who can say in war time, "I am not wasting a single thing that would help in the war effort," is doing a good job.

But finer still the work of keeping other people up to scratch.

And you've only got to report your wishes to your local council (a letter will do), and such a job is yours.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. R. Lawrence, Rydal Hall, Clarence Parade, Southsea, for information which leads to an interesting inquiry.

Write to me about anything which calls for investigation, and mark envelope "Public Benefactor."

BEAUTY BANDITS AT WORK

IN spite of the Limitation of Supplies (Toilet Preparations) Order, which came into force in November last, much racketeering is going on in the cosmetics trade.

There are so many Orders and variations of Orders that small traders fall easy prey to Black Market salesmen. Some are so confused that they infringe the regulations in ignorance.

Certain brands of alleged nail-polish have, for example, lately been sold which are just cheap commercial lacquer. Commercial lacquer is not subject to quota or liable to purchase tax, so can be freely manipulated by back-room manufacturers.

★ ★ ★

Eyelash dressings, which are only coloured vaseline, have reached the public under fancy names. Boxes of "eye-black" have been made up from boot polish, and many kinds of "rouge" and face powder have fetched good prices though only common chalk or powdered paint.

One spurious firm is stated to have made a profit of £1,500 in two months recently by retailing a substance, in boxes, labelled "Poudre de Luxe, London, Paris and New York."

Water mixed with gum and other sticky substances is fetching 2s. 6d. and more a bottle; in fact, some hairdressers are "quietly" selling mixtures which they bottle themselves from bulk supplies.

★ ★ ★

Board of Trade Enforcement officers now know of black marketmen in cosmetics who have actually engaged rooms at leading hotels and carried out brisk cash deals with prearranged customers.

Though Price Regulation officials in most towns are taking their work very seriously, they are up against two barriers—they have only small staffs and can only hope to make inquiries *once information is laid with them.*

Unfortunately the law is mostly defied, and the tricksters get well away before local sleuths even know they have been in the locality.

Axis Fury is Spent on Malta Rocks

YOU may have been around London Docks, in Plymouth or Coventry during the Blitz, and you may know the worst that vicious German air attacks can do.

Have you been through twenty, fifty, a hundred raids?

If you have, you still cannot quite judge what Malta, "the V.C. Island," the glorious little British fortress in the Mediterranean, is bearing bravely these days.

Malta faces a continuous Blitz.

It is the worst that Hitler can do!

He has picked a man to direct these air raids—a man whose record includes the cruel devastation wrought on Rotterdam in Spring, 1940—Air Field-Marshal Karl Kesselring.

Kesselring also organised the attack on Coventry, which, he thought, would force Britain to her knees. Now he concentrates on a few square miles all the power that the *Luftwaffe* can muster.

Yet Malta stands.

Not Good Enough

From a thousand powerful A.A. guns continuous fire spits at the Nazi raiders. Gallant night fighters go up into the air and send the Messerschmitts and Junkers crashing down.

Malta's experience proves that the *Luftwaffe*, strong as it still is, is still not good enough to beat anything British.

Yet Kesselring, with a whole German air fleet, has not even been left alone to this job. A second German war ace is collaborating with him.

He is Air General Geissler, Hitler's foremost expert on combined air and naval operations.

Hitler sent him to Sicily because he needed a general who could use German bombers and would succeed in obtaining Italy's fleet to fight for him.

Now German 'planes and Italian ships are trying to cut off Malta from supplies which she needs to continue the fight.

They have not succeeded.

It is an exhilarating spectacle to watch the Axis breaking their heads on the rocks of Malta.

Hitler's Trump Card

Yet Hitler has one more trick against Malta up his sleeve.

Invasion is his great trump card, whether the target is Britain or the Caucasus, Malta or Crete!

The conqueror of Crete, Paratroop General Student, swears by gliders.

Their approach cannot be picked up by listening apparatus. They can be cheaply produced in their thousands. They eat no oil, of which the Germans have little.

The silent air armada, Student thinks, will descend on Malta, taking the island by surprise, and subjugate it.

But powerful searchlights can quickly pick up gliders, and Malta realises that the glider pilot, in his lofty seat, can be hit by machine-guns and sharpshooters, so that his whole contraption with its crew of ten comes crashing down.

Watch the men and the methods against Malta!

German viciousness, for the first time, against a well-defended island, guarded by the British Fleet, covered by an umbrella of heroic fighters.

That it has not fallen yet, that these methods have not succeeded earlier, is alone a smashing defeat for Hitler.

The Barber of Seville

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

PROBABLY the most fantastic true story that I have ever heard in my life came to me in 1938, through a Spanish gentleman who, in a melancholy state of mind on account of the condition of Spain, started to talk to me about Destiny.

His name was Guzman. He was drowned in the Channel in July, 1940. He had a queer, unshakable belief in the destiny that shapes man's ends.

"Fate is written on our foreheads," he would say.

There were times when his fatalism annoyed me. On many occasions we played cards together; he nearly always won. But winning pleased him no more than losing. He simply shrugged his thin shoulders and said: "Fate is written on our foreheads."

Guzman used to say: "There is nothing in the universe that a man need fear. God knows everything . . . what was, what is, and what is to be. It remains only for man to do his best."

I don't know quite what he was driving at in his involved and rather glum philosophies. He talked around and about problems of man's mortality, and at last came to an illustrative anecdote—the crazy story of Don Felipe O'Reilly.

* * *

Don Felipe O'Reilly (said Guzman) was my father's oldest friend. He was a gentleman who was remotely related to a very illustrious house, and for reasons so delicate that I cannot go deeply into them he was called by his mother's name, which was O'Reilly.

I saw Don Felipe very often when I was a child. He was frequently a guest at our house, and sometimes stayed for several weeks.

You understand, his means were not large. He had the habit, deeply ingrained, of living like a nobleman; could not realise the meaning of money.

He was a little, delicate-featured gentleman, with an air of frightful nervousness. Some of this old, inter-bred aristocratic blood produces strange twists and kinks in people after many generations.

Don Felipe was the most fastidious man I have ever met. He found it quite impossible to eat, however hungry he might be, unless his food were prepared with the most exquisite care.

It was necessary to make his coffee with a kind of chemical exactitude. He ate like a bird, in tiny mouthfuls, meticulously cutting away invisible pieces that somehow displeased him.

He was, in effect, what you call in England "fussy." He would have driven an ordinary housewife raving mad.

HIS clothes, as you may well imagine, were of the most superlative quality and cut. He never wore a suit longer than he could help. I mean, he changed several times a day. His linen was almost blinding in its whiteness, yet he would change it three times in twelve hours.

Wherever he went, there followed a perfect avalanche of dressing-cases and trunks in the care of an old manservant called Gaston, a Frenchman who was said to be a jewel among valets.

Don Felipe used to say that nobody on earth but Gaston could shave him. He had never learned to shave himself; his almost insane fastidiousness made him get shaved twice a day (although his face grew very little hair); and his skin was fearfully sensitive.

Don Felipe was hopelessly dependent upon his servant. One wondered how he could ever have survived without the care of Gaston.

Then misfortunes fell upon Don Felipe. In the first place, the income which was paid to him by the noble gentleman to whom he was in a way related was cut off.

There was some family upheaval. I don't quite know what; something half-personal and half-political. Don Felipe's relative left Spain and went to live in Baden-Baden.

OUR fussy little friend was left almost penniless. This was a shocking blow to him, for he was quite incapable of work of any kind. He had barely enough to live on. My father could not help him. Don Felipe was in despair.

Then Gaston died.

"How am I to be shaved now?" asked Don Felipe. It was one night in my father's house. "I cannot shave myself; my hands are too shaky. I cannot go to an ordinary barber's shop."

"But why not, Don Felipe?"

"I will tell you why not," the little man said. "All my life I have been haunted by a strange fear. It began as a species of nightmare, when I was about seventeen years old.

"I had a dream. In this dream I was sitting in a barber's chair, and a barber was lathering my face. I lay back and closed my eyes, giving myself over to the pleasure of the warm, perfumed soap, when suddenly the soft hand of the barber clasped my forehead, pulling my head back. I felt the touch of cold steel on my throat. And then I awoke, shouting and in a cold sweat.

"Ever since then I have had a dread of barbers. I have an obsession, a mad fear of them. It is not reasonable, I know, but there it is.

"I do not know what I am to do. If only Gaston had not died! How can I go unshaven? Yet who is there who can shave me?"

Then my father said: "Ah! I think I know of somebody. There is a barber employed by Doré, who is said to be the gentlest creature in the whole of Seville. I have been shaved by him myself. They call him Arnholdt, and he is an Austrian. He used to be personal barber to a prince and his hand is so light that one can scarcely feel the razor on one's chin."

"I will look in and see him," said Don Felipe.

Some weeks later he said: "Arnholdt is no good. He is, as you say, a very gentle and skilful barber; but the appearance of the man! My friend, he looks like an assassin. I have submitted to being shaved by him, but every shave nearly wrecks my nerves. I am afraid of him. I can't help it. I have no confidence in him."

My father, who, though good-natured, was beginning to get tired of the quirks and fancies of Don Felipe O'Reilly, simply shrugged his shoulders.

Many months later, in Seville, he met Don Felipe again. The little man was looking rather old and thinner than ever. He was not at all well fed. Yet he looked well shaved and elegant still.

"Have you found a barber?" my father asked.

Don Felipe said: "Yes, at last I have. My dear friend, by the most remarkable good fortune in the world I have found exactly the kind of man I needed.

"I was desperate, too. I had no money, except a few small coins, and had not shaved for two days. The situation was impossible!

"So I plucked up my courage and went into a common barber's saloon, patronised by bullfighters and such. I took the nearest chair, and said: 'Shave me.'

"Then I looked up and saw the barber. He was precisely the kind of man that Gaston was—timorous, sweet-faced, gentle, and with a little shy smile. I had instant confidence in him. And my confidence was not misplaced, for he shaved me . . . it was not a shave, it was a dream! His razor might have been silk, and his hands velvet. He treated me as if he had been my servant for the past twenty years. His name is Isidore, and he is perfect. I go to him every day."

And so time passed. Many years passed, and I grew to manhood. Don Felipe, terribly aged, more fussy than ever before, still came to see us . . . growing poorer and shabbier all the time.

Then one evening we had a surprise. A superb carriage came to our gate. A magnificent footman opened a crested door, and let out a bundle of rich furs, in the middle of which was none other than Don Felipe O'Reilly!

WHAT had happened?

He told us. His noble relative had died, leaving him a vast sum of money in foreign securities. He was rich again—richer than he had ever been before. In came his luggage—twelve trunks—and a servant in black, a tiny man, no bigger than a twelve-year-old boy; pink-faced, shy, timid, and innocent, and somehow young-looking, although he could not have been a day less than sixty years old.

"That is the barber Isidore," said Don Felipe. "The moment I received news of my good fortune I took him away from his shop and employed him as my valet. He is all that Gaston ever was, and more. Congratulate me. I am the luckiest man in the world, and I am very happy."

And he settled down to pay us one of his old, interminable visits.

THINGS went perfectly smoothly for a week.

Then, one morning, as I was preparing to go out and ride a little, Isidore came in, without knocking. I looked at him.

"What do you want?" I asked. "Is this how you enter a room?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I couldn't help it."

He was in a terrible state of nerves; almost in hysterics.

"You couldn't help what?"

"Don Felipe, sir."

"What about Don Felipe?"

"I had to do it."

"Do what, man?"

"I would have gone into a different trade, but it was the only one I knew, sir."

"What was, confound you?"

"Barbering." He began to cry. "And all my life I've been struggling against a desire to do it."

"Do *what*?"

"All my life," said this little Isidore, "I've had a terrible desire to . . . a sort of impulse to . . . to . . . when customers were leaning back, and I was shaving under their chins, to . . . cut their throats!"

"*What!*"

"And just now, when I was shaving Don Felipe, I did it."

And so he had.

Of all the barbers in the world, poor Don Felipe had to pick that one. It was his destiny to die like that, and there was nothing he could do to escape it.

Human Machine

LOOK AHEAD!

As we grow older, the lists of our successes and failures grow longer.

And it is a curious habit of mind of most of us that we are rather apt to dwell on our failures.

Far too often we tackle a job conscious of the fact that once before we didn't make any too great a success of a similar job—or at any rate that someone else didn't.

We face it with a good idea of its difficulties instead of a good idea of its opportunities.

Listen to what Henry Ford once said: "Our factories keep no record of experiments.

"If a certain method has formerly been tried and failed, somebody will remember it—but I am not particularly anxious for the men to remember what someone else has tried to do in the past.

"If you keep on recording all of your failures, you will shortly have a list showing that there is nothing left for you to try—whereas it by no means follows because one man has failed in a certain method that another man will not succeed."

Looking at the past and brooding over the past hasn't much to recommend it, anyway.

Thinking ahead, planning ahead, always trying to do more and better—these are the ways to get on.

It is very doubtful if there is anything that is really impossible.

Mostly, the "impossibilities" are merely the things on which the right method hasn't yet been tried.

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

KEEP YOUR SENSE OF BALANCE

Says HUMANIST

There is no need for her to worry about the little extras to which she is fully entitled

WE are continually having it drummed into us that in order to win this war we shall have to make far greater sacrifices. We are all quite ready to do so, but a number of readers are puzzled to know just what we ought to sacrifice.

Should we older ones (*asks a woman of fifty*) **do work that is liable to undermine our health? Ought we to visit a picture-house on our free half-day?**

I do a part-time job for five hours every afternoon, but halfway through the work we are sent to the cafeteria for tea and a small cake.

In my own case it is unnecessary, because I arrive home at 5 p.m. in time for my usual tea.

We all want to be told the stark facts and are prepared to make any sacrifices if they are necessary.

Not long ago a waiter told me about four people whose dinner cost over £16. And this sort of thing is happening at a time when we are implored to save every penny to help the war effort.

An R.A.F. pilot told me last week that an hotel tried to charge him five shillings for a sandwich!

Why am I mentioning these things? Simply to help the writer of that first letter to see things in proportion. She is worrying about an extra cup of tea and an occasional visit to the films!

We cannot get scores of little luxuries which we are accustomed to in normal times. But there is no need to go to the opposite extreme and live on bread and water.

Lord Woolton assures us that the food situation is good provided we all play the game and share and share alike.

SEVERAL weeks ago I wrote about children who are ashamed of their parents, and the letters evoked a great many protests from other readers. The overwhelming majority were dead against the snobbery which lies at the root of the problem.

Here is one of the best letters:

After reading about those young people who were too superior for their parents I was so annoyed that I feel I must either write to you or burst!

My father brought up a family of nine children. He had to go to work on a farm at the age of eleven. All he was taught was hard work. He can't read or write even now. His hands are not white and his nails are broken. He only wears a collar on very special occasions.

Before I married I had many friends, all of whom came to my home. My Dad eats with his knife if he wants to, sits before the fire in old clothes, and there's nothing of the "toff" about him. But *he's a gentleman.* If he is not good enough for my friends, they are not good enough for me.

My Dad is generous and kind. He has worked hard to give me an education, and made sacrifices, too.

I could not imagine life without my Dad. He worships us and we are proud of him.

THE next letter deals with a problem which I have not mentioned for more than a year. It comes from a young mother:

My sister and I are sharing a house while our husbands are with the Forces (*she writes*). **I have a daughter of four who has reached the inquisitive stage and asks questions all day long.**

My sister is expecting her first baby in June. My own daughter is excited about the coming of a little cousin and wants to know—all sorts of things.

My own mother used to say: "Wait till you are older and then I'll tell you everything." (But she never did.) My own little chatterbox is too impatient to wait. She wants to know now. What can I do?

Another letter on the same subject comes from a soldier's wife who has a boy of twelve. She writes:

If my husband were at home I should hand the responsibility over to him, but he is overseas and may not be back for many months.

I spoke to the curate about the question, but he changed the subject, and when I talked to the schoolmaster he said that it was hardly his job.

I know there are little books about the subject, but I never see them on the bookstalls and don't know where to find them. I might mention that I am on Army pay and cannot afford anything expensive.

There are plenty of little booklets to be had for sixpence apiece or less. For the mother of the little girl there are booklets which explain in a way which a young child can understand, and there are others which a boy of twelve can read for himself.

I have sent lists of these booklets to these two mothers, and will send them to any other parents who enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

ETERNAL WEAPON

THESE are the things that the War cannot alter: the blue of the sky, the sunlit green hills; the croon of the water that tumbles and chatters over white pebbles in bright crystal rills; the songs of the birds that break upon morning, the whispering wind—God's Breath in the trees; the gold of the cowslip, the blue of the violet, and the roll of the waves like the drums of the seas.

THE little brown nests that birds build in the hedgerows; the stars that are strung on the ceiling of night; and the rainbow that bends its Arc of God's Promise that after Life's storms things always come right; the webs of the spider like wheels of fine patience; the hum of the bees and the dragonfly's speed; for although Nature's stores get terribly damaged, her Eternal Weapon is the Power to Breed.

AND War cannot crush this inexhaustible Produce which pours from the Giver of Life's Divine Hand, and as stars make a sky, and motes make a sunbeam, so Living Grains make God's Imperishable Strand. For such is God's Law that no Nation's Vengeance can ever erase the Power to Survive, and though the Whole World be in Death's Dark Convulsions, IN THE WOMB OF THE WORLD THE WHOLE WORLD IS ALIVE. J. M.

Girl Guerillas

★

By JOHN HILDERSON

former official at the Missionary Hospital at Honan. He has headed an ambulance unit on the Burma Road for the American Friends Service Committee

CHINA'S Minister of Information, Wang Shih Chien, has just announced in Chungking: "China is fighting to the last man and the last woman and the last gun."

This is the first official hint that women are fighting the Japs, though it is no secret to anybody who has worked with ambulance units on the Burma Road, as I have done.

Women as well as boys of fourteen and fifteen are fighting the Japs. Hardy veterans are in their early 'teens.

Before he left for India, Chiang Kai-shek, from his military H.Q. at Chungking, built up organised bands of girl guerilla troops.

There are girl fighters as well as the Chinese version of "A.T.S." and "W.V.S." voluntary helpers in uniform. School children, boys and girls in their early 'teens, are taught to handle small-arms.

Toughest of all the guerillas are the widows of men who have already fallen a victim to Jap tortures. They are fighting back for red vengeance!

Jap anti-tank unit men carry a 90-lb. anti-tank gun—but there have been literally hundreds of times when these squads have been suddenly surprised by silent, swift-moving Chinese girl guerillas. They have been knifed, their portable weapons stolen and within an hour set up in anti-tank pillboxes that the women have dug from the very ground.

Nothing to Lose

These girl guerilla squads first came into being on that fatal day in Shanghai when Chiang's famous 88th Division was compelled to withdraw from Chapei, the Chinese city next door to the International Settlement.

A fortnight later the Chinese, crushed by the loss of Chapei, were torn by Japanese General Matsui's troops away from Shanghai, and later the Japs entered Nanking.

The morale of Chiang Kai-shek's men was almost broken—almost, but not quite. Where Chinese defence lines were broken, lone bands of guerillas, desperate, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, found that they could achieve petty successes. And these petty successes soon mounted to major victories.

Women fought by the side of their men. Their guiding inspiration was Chiang's own American-educated wife—almost a goddess to the ill-educated Chinese women, who in their thousands have become tough fighters, expert with the knife, the trench-mortar and the sub-machine-gun.

Even before the Russians sprang the scorched-earth surprise on the world, the Chinese girl guerillas were teaching Japs the terrors of their own "drowned earth"!

These girls, seeing how the Japs ruthlessly bombed and burned up their farms and homes, were willing to sacrifice everything by flooding hundreds of square miles.

Thousands Drowned

For twenty years the Hoang-Ho, which flows through 2,600 miles of Northern China, has been called "China's sorrow," because of the rainy seasons, when the river burst its banks and flooded vast areas.

To hold up an early Jap advance the guerillas—men and women volunteering equally for the job—dynamited the river banks at sectors where the Hoang-Ho flows more than 40 ft. above the surrounding countryside.

Vast floods engulfed more than 3,000 square miles. Thousands of advancing Jap troops, masses of guns, tanks and lorries were overwhelmed by a mighty flood.

The guerillas perished, too. Later their bodies were recovered from the river mud—husbands and wives clasped in a last embrace. Girl "commandos" had acted as bravely and with as much daring as the men.

These girls, it cannot be denied, have learned much from Chinese bandits, who for years have carried on wholesale massacre among Jap settlers in Manchukuo, and who have fought bitterly to regain their lost homes and possessions.

Girl guerillas have grown out of lonely, embittered women who saw their menfolk slaughtered by the "colonising" Japs in Manchukuo and they profited from the bandit methods of men who thrived on robbery in the wild frontier country.

Some of the toughest Chinese "commandos" are probably experienced in service with Hsi Yun-kai, a Chinese Irregular leader who for four years has wrought havoc to the Japs in the Western Sankiang Province.

I met some of these girl guerillas during my years at the Missionary Hospital at Honan.

They are just a few of the girls who helped General Li Yu-Tang in the recent victory at the beginning of this year, when at Changsha the Japs lost 21,000 men, including the Japanese Commander Kato.

No Great Leaders

Brilliant camouflage methods and the effective use of guerilla troops, men and women, were outstanding features of the Changsha victory.

Strangely enough, though these girls regard Madame Chiang Kai-shek as a sort of Deity, they have no great leaders of their own.

Their inspiration seems to come from men like Dr. Loo Chi-Teh, Surgeon-General and one of the greatest figures of China's resistance

Beat the Japs

Women, as well as boys of 14 and 15, are fighting the Japs. Hardy veterans are in their early teens

I worked with Dr. Chi-Teh for several years when in Burma, but he is familiar to many people in England, because he came to Aldershot some years ago to study R.A.M.C. methods.

Now he runs a fleet of military hospitals, where girls work side by side with men.

Not all the girl guerillas are killers. Some are members of unofficial rescue parties.

They honestly believe that Dr. Chi-Teh can work miracles, and when their husbands and lovers are wounded in mass battle with the Japs they form themselves into guerilla rescue parties and face almost certain death to bring back the wounded.

Unquenchable Spirit

We saved one of these girls after a skirmish before the Changsha battle.

She had a bad shoulder wound, was suffering from severe beri-beri and nutritional œdema. Relapsing fever nearly claimed her when her shoulder wound was on the mend.

But her spirit was unquenchable, and within a few weeks she was up again, and one day just disappeared to join her comrades!

One other girl from a guerilla squad showed me a little instrument she had made out of a scrap metal part. It was useful for digging entrenchments, and on several occasions it had been used as a dagger to stab the Japs.

It seemed to be a piece of rather unusually good steel.

I picked it up and examined it closer. It was a part of the landing gear of a Jap bomber that had crashed near by!

THESE MEN FOUGHT ALONE

ITALY'S army was retreating in Abyssinia.

East African engineers found themselves barred by a wide, fast-flowing river.

All bridges had been blown up.

That meant an immediate crossing, and there were no boats. A rope had to be carried across the torrent.

In charge of the company was a young second-lieutenant named Boshoff. Stripped, he waded into the rushing water tied to a rope.

On the opposite side, two grinning Italian soldiers, armed with rifles, came out of the undergrowth—behind them eight more.

One naked man against ten. There was one answer—surrender.

But Boshoff refused to give it.

With a lightning plunge, he knocked down the enemy's rifle, wrenched it from him.

Dumbfounded, the two Italians raised their hands. At the sight of the "mad Englishman," *armed*, all eight of them turned and ran!

We should take pride that our war history holds many such tales.

★ ★ ★

A classic "lone" story is that of how Trooper Elfred Hughes, of the Royal Tank Regiment, won his D.C.M.

Hughes was with an outpost in the desert when two enemy tanks were seen.

Hughes crawled silently forward.

He jumped silently on to the track of the nearest tank.

Its commander felt a cold steel ring on the back of his neck, and heard a whisper: "Get out!"

A few seconds later they were huddled in the sand, while Hughes backed towards the second tank.

And then did it again!

★ ★ ★

It will be remembered that twice during the East African campaign one man captured a town.

An R.A.F. officer drove into Massawa. On the outskirts Italian officers stopped him. "Have you taken the town?" they asked. "Certainly!" he said, and, driving on until he reached the Government palace, accepted surrender.

Then a British political officer, flying over Rocco Littoria in Italian Somaliland, decided to land.

Meeting two high Italian chiefs, he said: "I have come for your surrender."

And the whole district surrendered.

★ ★ ★

An Indian lieutenant of Engineers volunteered to clear fifteen land mines set with hair-trigger precision at Metemma. Mines exploded beneath his cars. But he kept on the job. No V.C. has ever been more justly awarded.

★ ★ ★

At sea a British coastal steamer was holed below water-level by a shell.

Leading Telegraphist P. Phillips turned himself and pillows and blankets he had collected into a human plug.

★ ★ ★

A lone fighter pilot saw his squadron leader shot down on to Diredawa aerodrome, Abyssinia, landed, and picked him up at the muzzles of a hundred guns.

★ ★ ★

Sergeant-Major Timothy Buckley, Royal Armoured Corps, had to convoy several lorry loads of prisoners across the desert.

He was alone in his armoured car, with only an anti-tank rifle.

Unfortunately — or fortunately — he managed to "take the wrong turning" across the featureless desert.

When night fell the British lines were nowhere in sight.

Instead, the shadowy figures of several hundred men suddenly appeared.

Here, if ever, was a case for surrender.

But, almost instinctively, Buckley swerved his car off the road, and began blazing.

As he fired, more appeared, with their hands up!

Dawn came, and showed a small concrete fort dead ahead. Buckley drove on.

A shell whistled past his car. He started rapid fire.

It was fantastic. But he stuck to it until the fort's garrison surrendered.

Later, that morning Buckley led his convoy into our lines.

"My god," said an officer, "what a war!"

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

MALTA—gallant little island whose air raids are counted in thousands. Bombing attacks there have become almost normal things—like the rising and setting of the sun.

How little attention is paid to them is shown by Driver A. C. Barwood, R.A. (951,301), in a letter to his mother at Calne Avenue, Barkingside, Ilford:

I was cooking the bacon this morning when I noticed it seemed to be hissing rather more loudly than usual.

I took it off the stove in time to find that the hissing was the descent of six bombs.

One dropped twenty yards away. The captain, who was having a shave, popped his lathered face out to see where they had dropped, then withdrew without a word.

One fellow woke, muttered: "That'll do to go on with," and dropped off to sleep again instantly. And, apart from that, nobody spoke or did anything to show they were interested.

SALESMANSHIP!

Hotels have sprung up like mushrooms in the towns of Egypt. They cater for the British soldier who gets a few days' leave from the fighting.

Trooper A. G. Bance, London-born but serving with a South African regiment, is one who has tried them. He writes to his sister, Mrs. Draper, Bedford Road, Dartford:

Reveille was a hurdy-gurdy played outside our window at 6 a.m.! Then a barber pushed his way into our bedroom, wanting to shave us and cut our hair.

Nice, kind soldier words got rid of him—whereupon a tailor entered and wanted to measure us for something.

Next visitor was a bootblack; then a beaming figure—another barber.

We went down to our "English breakfast" to find hordes of tradesmen had invaded the dining-room and were fighting to sell us something.

OFF THE MENU

Aircraftman Foster (1,264,744), also in the Middle East, didn't have the good luck to be on leave when his unit arranged a Christmas party.

His letter to his parents at Winlaton Road, Bromley, Kent, tells what happens:

We said roasted chickens most distinctly and the Egyptian said he quite understood. He could get us twenty at 2s. 6d. each, and everything seemed O.K.

The night of the Christmas dinner arrived. We heard an uproar. The darned fool had walked nine and a half miles with twenty live chickens, tied together by their legs in batches of four!

He put the lot down to explain matters, whereupon chickens began to fly away in all directions. And just as we were herding them up word came to fall-in—we'd got to move on to somewhere else!

GOING MY WAY!

In far more romantic surroundings is Staff Sergeant Taylor, R.A.S.C., who writes to his brother at Thyson Green, Nottingham:

Surrounded as we are by East African jungle teeming with gazelles, ostriches, hyenas, wild boar, dog-faced baboons and other strange creatures, you can well understand the rumour that a Loch Ness monster has been seen locally.

The baboons rob our cookhouses in most human fashion—taking even the tinned stuff. They really are so human that you expect the leader will turn up one day to borrow the tin-opener. It is hateful to have to shoot them.

Then there are the gazelles, swiftest and loveliest of creatures. The youngsters cling to their mothers' backs and enjoy their lightning rides. It is said that if you can keep up with them with a car—which isn't easy—they will jump on the running-board, although I must say I haven't seen it done.

HOMELESS WORMS

One monster step across a continent, and we are with Sail-Maker R. Tapley, a naval man who has to do his job under the eyes of inquisitive natives who crowd round. He tells his fiancée, Miss Olive Webb, of Cook Street, Avonmouth:

Three of us were in a hut when we heard a terrific roar outside. A monster tree was in the act of crashing down.

Luckily for us, it just missed our hut—demolishing a building on which it fell.

Another of our "Sails" was at work opposite, surrounded by the usual crowd of black people chiming out continuous compliments like, "You plenty good tailor-man." He looked up to find them gone—they had "scrammed" at the first hint of danger.

Out of the trunk of the tree, where the fracture occurred, crawled thousands of worms as big as pork sausages, and beetles the size of hens' eggs. Oh, this Africa!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MY husband, who drives a tank, informs me that he is excused guard duty because he has a patch on his greatcoat. What is this—a war or a mannequin parade?—Mrs. L. Livesey, Saunders Road, Blackburn.

* * *

I have worked out that a year's issue of clothing coupons could be made to buy £2,000 of women's clothing. Why not a limit of 5s. per coupon?—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

* * *

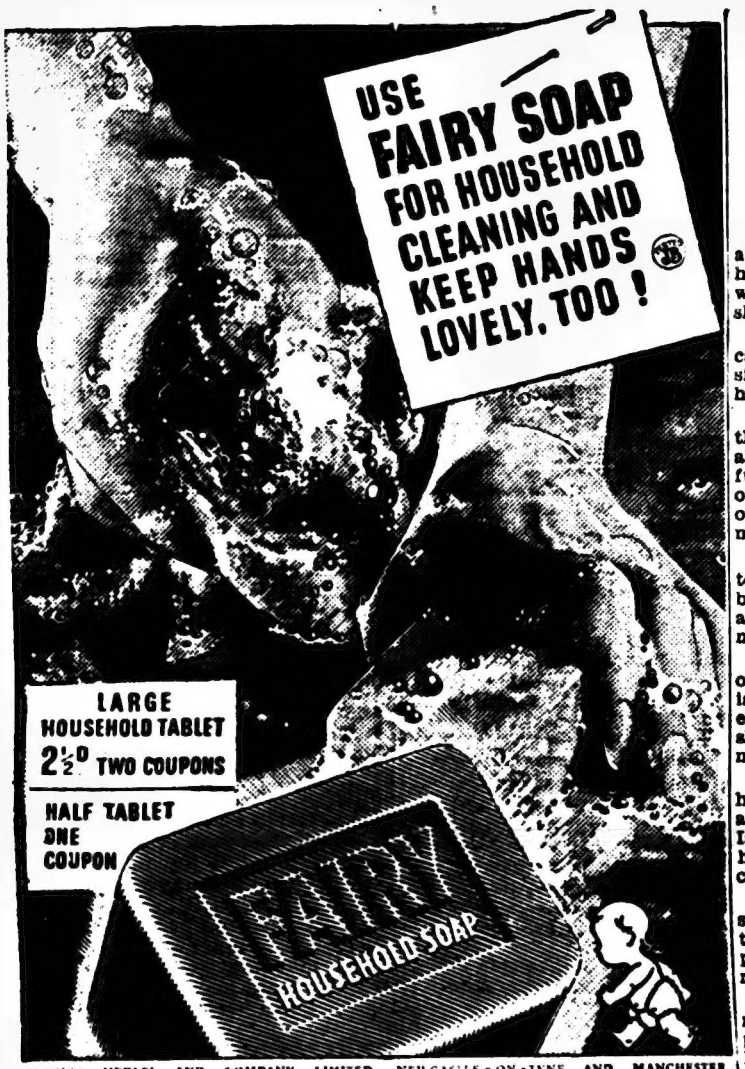
"Sir," once said Dr. Johnson, "when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields. Let us walk down Cheapside." Which is what seems to be in the minds of London women who (wrongly, I suppose) persist in returning to London.—Winifred M. Ingham, Whalley Road, Padiham, Lancs.

* * *

My W.V.S. duties in the last twelve months have entailed making 1,230 pairs of boys' trousers out of old suits, etc., which has meant sewing on 12,260 buttons collected from neighbours and friends. Now the buttons are giving out. I need 100 a week. Any advice—or, preferably, buttons?—Mrs. Solomon, 27, Blaker Street, Brighton, 7.

* * *

Human censor, having cut a soldier's letter from the Middle East, put footnote: "Don't worry about missing part, as it was of little interest to you. Sorry I had to cut a letter like this." Kindly touch, and much appreciated.—A. W. Hutchison, 30, Myrtle Street, Glasgow, N.W.



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

THE LAST LAUGH

J. L. (Lyme Regis). — "The average woman wouldn't hear of her husband taking another woman to the pictures." Oh yes she would—from the neighbours.

H. V. (Kenilworth).—"A man can't acquire polish if he has to sit on an office stool all day." But his trousers can.

E. G. (Southport).—"A boxer at the outset of his career is naturally anxious to know what the future holds for him." He has an opportunity of finding out if an opponent knocks him into the middle of next week.

F. M. (Dorking).—"I am going to invest in some chickens. It's a bit of a gamble these days." But at least you'll get a run for your money.

B. N. (Highgate).—"I am the only member of the household who is fond of light literature." When electricity rationing comes in it should be your job to read the meters.

ANON. (Tottenham).—"He and his wife have quarrelled and I am afraid it may be rather serious." Is there talk about who should have custody of the clothing coupons?

M. H. (Sutton).—"Turn-up trousers are to disappear." This means that the best man will have one place less in which to lose the ring.

TENOR (London, S.E.).—"I shall refuse to broadcast unless I am paid a really substantial sum." May we take this as a definite promise?

A. I. (Oakengates).—"If I were very wealthy I would have a private skating-rink." With a footman following you with a chair to save you falling down?

R. K. (Morden). — "Private soldiers are not allowed to keep dogs in barracks." Very wise. An animal might bark back at a sergeant-major.

S. U. (Crewkerne).—"I have invented a new type of fishing-rod with a compartment in the handle to hold equipment." How much will it take? A pint?

L. O. (Sunderland).—"As the girl I intend marrying is eight inches taller than I am and a stone heavier, you can't call me a nervous chap, can you?" Not yet.

W. A. (Portshead).—"If I were you, I'd have more sense." Agreed.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Not a word to anyone, mate! It's only the Jerries in Eire 'oo knows where the Americans is"

C. T. (Yarmouth).—"Although I never take intoxicants, I wake up every morning with a bad head." Can't you shake it off?

P. Y. (Berkhamsted).—"In conclusion, I must ask you to tear this letter up." Why on earth didn't you say that at the start?

MRS. J. (Mexborough). — "Although I get up at seven o'clock every morning, my husband thinks I am lazy." See letter below.

D. J. (Mexborough).—"My wife fetches the milk bottle in at 7 a.m. and then goes back to bed for several hours." See letter above.

G. B. (Brixton).—"There is nothing we actors hate as much as the sound of people coming into the theatre after the curtain is up." We should have thought that the sound of people leaving the theatre before the curtain is down would have annoyed you more.

N. F. (Dunstable).—"He is a very little man, and on one occasion his wife knocked him down, trod on him and left the house." In other words, she walked out on him.

V. E. (Rochester).—"A silvery chime sounds on an American toaster when the toast is ready." In this country a strong odour of burnt bread is the signal that it is done.

Side-Slips

THE LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"Two boys, believed twins, a few months old, were found during night wrapped in a large JUG on a doorstep of a municipal building at . . ."

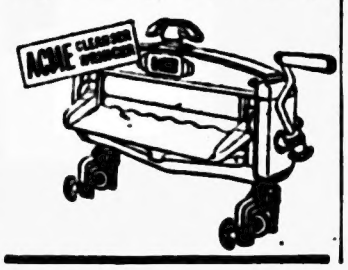
GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"Next minute the home goal had a narrow shave when —— got to close quarters, but a lucky rebound saw the WALL go behind for a corner."

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.
HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS

It went with the pram . . .

in spite of father's protests. And Mrs. Higgins was right as usual. Her Acme has been a blessing to her down in the coun-

try — *and* to her neighbours. It makes light of the wash of half-a-dozen crowded cottages. You see, just now, there simply aren't any Acmes to buy. But when the war is won, well, we know of at least six housewives who won't be without an Acme of their own for a minute longer than they – or we – can help!



THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Mr. Albert Robinson, a Welshman who served in the last war, is now fifty-two years of age. For the past nine months he has been suffering from internal trouble and fractured ribs, and is still only fit to do very light work—if he can obtain it. Unhappily, his wife, too, has been very ill this winter; and his step-daughter, aged eighteen, is quite incapable of ever earning her living.

With only unemployment pay to support them, the family are terribly poor, and are rendered more miserable by unavoidable rent arrears of more than £2 and a doctor's bill amounting to £3. Such debts, trivial to some of our readers, mean untold misery to these poor people making such a desperate fight against adversity.

Will you send a donation, earmarked "Cook," to help this unfortunate man in his hour of need? Address your letters to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,316

FIRST PRIZE £50.

G. Beaumont, 16, Shelton Cres., Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.
Example: CUT THE RED TAPE AND
Bullet: SMASH "BOTTLE-NECKS"—"LAUNCH" VICTORY!

£20: F. Crompton, 1, Randal St., Bolton, Lancs.
Example: Fighting For Our Soil
Bullet: And Our Soul, Too!

£10: A. Neal, 80, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent.
Example: Aeroplanes
Bullet: U-boats, Minefields, Raiders—Heals!

£5: Mrs. H. Carter, "North Brook," Raughton Head, Carlisle.
Cut The Red Tape And—That "Salp," Cornish Winner.

£4: Mrs. E. E. Greenwood, 30, Wheats Ave., Birmingham.
A Bit Chipped—Not "Going Cases," Engine.

£3: M. Spong, 26, Hare Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.
Risking His Life—Carrying Truth's "Dynamite," Norwegian.

£2: A. Brett, 31, Gisburn Rd., Barrowford, Nelson.
Aeroplanes—And We'll "Walk Home."

FIRST PRIZE DOUBLED THIS WEEK

20s.: G. Pike, 178, May St., Basingstoke.
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20s.: A. H. Wood, 93, Croydon Rd., Beddington, Surrey.
To Speed Things Up—Breakfast Promised Another Male!

20s.: T. Morton, 2, Woodbine Terrace, Birtley, Co. Durham.
Aeroplanes—Threatened, If Workshop "Cackle"

20s.: Gunner R. H. Bruce, R.A., Somewhere in Britain.
Sharing His Paper—*Officially* Now, Take Passenger!

20s.: Mrs. N. Lowley, 33, Eaton Cres., Swansea.
Hitler's Hosiers—So—Only Last Bus!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON Outright in XWORD 268

WINNING WORDS: 1. Winter. 2. Glossy. 3. Sum. 4. Tot. 5. Hunter. 6. Rash. 7. Bell. 8. Gorse. 9. Remedy. 10. Diss. 11. Crash. 12. Drift. 13. Sum. 14. Stitch.

WINNER OF £100:
E. Donnelly,
26, Fairbridge Road,
Holloway, N.19.

£25 CASH shared between following 9 Runners-up: E. Brain, Bristol; N. E. Clarke, King's Lynn; E. Duncan, Glasgow; S. M. Ellis, Harrogate; H. Jones, Llanelly; L. Lovis, Blackwood; E. Lloyd, Bicester; G. Renaud, London, S.E.24; G. A. Wigley, Arkholme.

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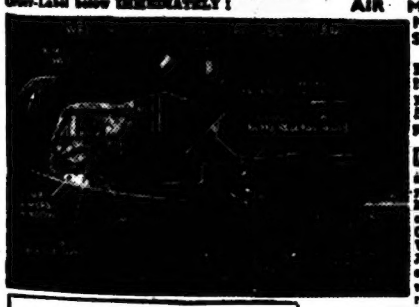

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Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B.1. 11 MARS

SEE how a "Wellington" Bomber Releases its Bombs on the target; a greatly reduced illustration.

SEE what it's like inside a Rear-Gunner's Turret; one of the over 300 photographs, drawings, and diagrams.

When So Much

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The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus, sore, painful and swollen feet are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; chafing healed, and feet made comfortable again. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

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FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY MAY 1

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,316 appears on page 14

THANKS TO BRITANNIA
WE BELIEVE
GERMANY'S PLAN
DISASTROUS
THE HOME GUARD
MILLIONS
AFTER A DAY'S WORK
DAD KNOWS
SIMPLEST WAY
FIGHTING MAN
CHEATS
OUR M.P.
DEAFENING

PAPER'S A MUNITION, SO
SHIPS, PLANES, TANKS, GUNS
TO SETTLE THE QUARREL
CHAMPION WANGLER
THE MAYOR ARRIVED AND
NEEDS WATCHING
SHOWS WHAT HE'S MADE OF

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

PROBLEM OF.....
POOR .....
IN SEARCH OF.....
TO THE LAST.....
HELPING US TO.....
GETTING ROUND THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Two FREE EFFORTS may be enclosed with each four paid—write them on plain paper.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

Signed.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

Address.....

1,320 Closing Postmark MONDAY, APRIL 20.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £20 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords, shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£125 ALL-CASH OFFER

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY

FOR 'John Bull' X WORD 1st PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 268, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.							3p	3p	3p
1 IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD PLACE IN WHICH TO BRING UP CHILDREN		H	O		E	L				
2 IT MAY BE TERRIFYING THING TO BE AWAKENED BY ANGRY ONE			S		A	K	E			
3 WHEN BOYS BEGIN THROWING INK ABOUT, IT'S APT TO END IN	B	L	O		S					
4 A GREAT MANY HOUSEWIVES ARE FORCED TO DO WITHOUT ONE		L	A		D	E	R			
5 SUDDEN SOUND OF THIS MAY MAKE YOU JUMP	B	A	N							
6 MAY CONTAIN PULSE			W		I	S	T			
7 MANY A BOY HAS STOPPED AND WONDERINGLY WATCHED COBBLER WITH		A	W							
8 SERIOUS FROST OFTEN CAUSES SNAPPING OF THESE	B	O	N		S					
9 BIG, HEAVY MEAL HAS TENDENCY TO MAKE ONE FEEL					U	L	L			
10 IT'S EASY TO ATTACK INFANTRY ADVANCING IN THIS			M		S	S				
11 POSSESSION OF THIS GIVES A COUNTRY POWER	G	R	I							
12 ARMY SCOUT IS LIKELY TO BE NERVOUS WHEN HE'S BEEN THIS		P	O		T	E	D			
13 GIFT OF THIS MAY HELP SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH STUDENT					A	B				
14 AN ANGLER MAY HAVE TO SPEND SOME TIME IN DOING THIS	B	A	I		I	N	G			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, APRIL 20

Signed .....

Address.....

(No. 272)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

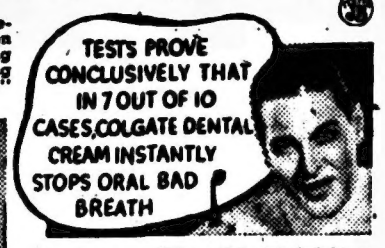
"Bullets" No. 1,320—or Xword No. 272, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Ruth only reads of Romance!

For like so many others, Ruth has bad breath and doesn't know it. That's the tragedy of this common fault—you seldom suspect it in yourself.

Yet dentists say that . . .

"You see, Colgate's active foam *penetrates* into hidden crevices between your teeth; helps clean out decaying food particles and odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."



See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive, smile! Enjoy its flavour. Such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.

Including Tax

Fynnon Salt

put her well on the road to recovery—

says Rheumatic Sufferer

To-day we print part of a letter written by a lady who suffered greatly for many years with stiff, painful knees. Then, on her husband's suggestion, she bought some Fynnon Salt. She writes: "*First tin, no improvement that I could notice, so I persevered and took tin after tin as I found a real steady improvement. By the time I had finished tin No. 6 I knew I was well on the road to recovery. The pain gradually went and now I can kneel down.*"

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium. That's why Fynnon Salt can wash away rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. Large tin 1/6 at all chemists. Trial size 7d., including Purchase Tax.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middsx.

THIS WEEK'S FOOD FACTS

The plus bread

Apart from its benefit to our health, National Wheatmeal Bread will save many thousands of tons of shipping. But our stocks of white flour must not be wasted. So the change from white bread to National Wheatmeal will be gradual. Until white flour is exhausted, bakers may use up to one-quarter of white flour in making National Wheatmeal Bread. *After April 6th* there will be no more white bread, but up to one-quarter white flour may, for a time, still go into National Wheatmeal. *After April 20th*, cakes, buns, biscuits, etc., must contain not less than three-quarters Wheatmeal. For home baking, white flour may be bought until retailers' stocks are used up. Speciality brown breads will still be permitted under licence.

You'll like National Wheatmeal Flour for cooking. Here are two tips on how to get the best results when making cakes, etc.:—

1. National Wheatmeal Flour needs a little more moisture when mixed for cakes, pastry, bread. A fairly soft consistency bakes best.
2. National Wheatmeal Flour needs more salt, less sugar, less suet.

NATIONAL WHEATMEAL RECIPES YOU'LL ENJOY

Yorkshire Pudding
(without baking powder)

Time: Preparation 10 minutes. Cooking 20-30 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. wheatmeal flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ pint milk. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Mix flour and salt, make a well in the middle and pour in a third of the milk, beat well, add rest of milk, stand for an hour and pour into a tin containing smoking hot dripping. Bake in a hot oven (450° F. or Regulo 7) for 20-30 minutes.

Wheatmeal Scones

Time: Preparation 5 minutes. Cooking 10 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. wheatmeal flour, 4 oz. mashed, cooked potato, 1 oz. fat, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 oz. sultanas or currants, 1 small teacupful 'household' milk. *Quantity:* 12-16 scones. *Method:* Mix flour and salt. Rub fat into flour, add mashed potato, mix into a soft dough with the milk. Roll out to ¼ in. thickness, cut into rounds. Cook in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

Poz. on that Oz.!

We don't want to stint either ourselves or our families, but we mustn't waste an ounce of bread. If every one of us could save a slice of bread each day—just one ounce—we should save 4,500 tons of shipping in a year, and who knows how many precious lives.

Food obtained
By methods shifty
Is shared with Hitler
Fifty-fifty.

DAVID LOW

FOOD FACTS No. 89

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1.

'ASPRO' STANDS FOR PAIN RELIEF by Safe & Simple Means!

It Banishes Colds & Feverish Chills in ONE NIGHT!

The Problems of Sleeplessness & Nerve Strain OVERCOME by 'ASPRO' Calmness & Comfort!

Pain is an elusive foe—Science needs all its forces to combat it. But once knowledge of the causes is obtained, the means to banish them becomes evident. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES 'ASPRO' PROVIDES THE ANSWER. 'ASPRO' action is two-fold: It soothes away the pain and at the same time exerts a wonderful healing influence. The ill-adjusted state of affairs is ended: a state of health and bodily harmony returns. This simple, safe method has saved Humanity countless hours of pain. The help which 'ASPRO' affords to sufferers is always being testified to by letters which we receive from all sorts of people whom 'ASPRO' has freed from headaches, rheumatic pain, neuralgia, colds, chills, etc.

The People's Word Proves 'ASPRO' Claims

PAIN GOES—SLEEP COMES

Mme. HELENE L. CHEETHAM, of 43 Suir Road, Kilmainham, Dublin, writes:—"Having read many a time the varied testimonials of numerous users of that great pain reliever, 'ASPRO', it is with much pleasure that I add my own experience to the list. For the past fifteen years I and my household have constantly used 'ASPRO' receiving instant relief for all pains and also, when suffering myself from ulcerated legs, I have taken them at night, securing a full night's sleep. I would not be without them and can thoroughly recommend them to any sufferers."

PAINS IN HEAD VANISH

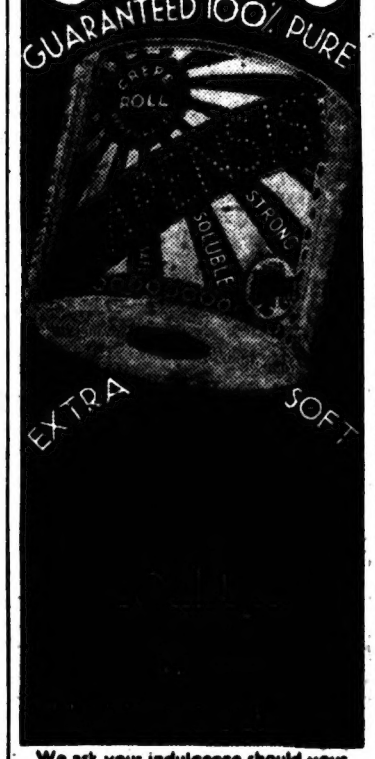
Mr. WHYBROW, writing from 22 St. Leonard's Road, Hendon, Sunderland, says:—"I feel this is my duty to tell you how much better I feel after taking 2 of your tablets with a glass of hot water. I often get pains in the head when I am at work but I generally carry 'ASPRO' with me. I have recommended them to all my friends. I wouldn't live without them."

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½ PURCHASE TAX INCLUDED

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE



We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd.
HACKNEY WICK LONDON, E.9.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity), *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ *(Including Purchase Tax).* Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

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J.B.L. 223 ★ 210